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COMPASSIONATE.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

The mother died, and the father lifted
His two-year daughter up
To kiss the lips that had been to them
Affection's fullest cup.

The cup was empty, and cold its edge
As marble's snowy brim;
The wreath of roses that bound it once
Was pale as lilies dim.

The child stooped down for her loving draught
With hungry, trustful heart;
Then wondering eyes to her father turned:
"Mamma don't kiss her part!"

Strong and warm were the arms that pressed
The startled child within:
Dire was the anguish that filled the breast
Beneath the quivering chin.

Some cup is every moment drained
By hands invisible;
Some lily for the rose exchanged
By the Omniscient will.

We each grieve over our empty cup
With thirsting lip and soul;
Who loses the draught of mother love,
Loses more than the whole.

THE LILY OF ST. ERNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER'S SECRET," "HELENA LYLE," ETC.

[This story was commenced in No. 8, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

NO LONGER WELCOME.

They were a very silent trio, Mr. Penruan, Eleanor, and Max, when they met at the breakfast-table on the morning which was to witness Eleanor Morison's departure. The Squire was grieviously troubled at the discovery that his perturbed dreams placed him at the mercy of any member of his household who chose to keep watch over him; and he was unreasonably bitter against his wife for sleeping so soundly that she never missed him from her side.

Eleanor was as busily engaged in revolving some perplexity as her step-father, and was less reticent about it, for when the meal was ended and he rose, gathering up the papers and letters he had scarcely glanced at, she made a gesture to detain him.

"I must ask you a question or two, Mr. Penruan. No, don't go away, Cousin Max; your presence may serve as a reminder that it is worse than folly to lose one's temper."

"If you have anything to say to me, say it quickly and civilly," the Squire told her. "The presence of my young kinsman may *remind* you, as you phrase it, that to the husband of your mother you owe both respect and obedience, and, therefore, are not justified in attempting to dispute any of my commands!"

"Well, then, sir, as it is evident that you guess on what subject I wish to speak to you, I will at once inquire whether you purpose carrying out your intentions you expressed last night? Is Esther Morison to leave the Abbey?"

Mr. Penruan raised his eyebrows.

"Most certainly! Did I not tell her so last night? Am I given to saying one thing and meaning another?"

"There are grave—very grave reasons why Morison should remain here," Eleanor persisted. "Do you forget that, sir?"

"There were reasons why I put up with the presence of this woman in my house. But she has always displeased me; there has been covert insolence in her looks——"

"Oh, sir, it will not do for *you* to watch the looks of those about you too closely!" cried the impetuous Eleanor, who could rarely restrain herself from uttering a stinging retort.

"Covert insolence in her looks!" he repeated; "and little less in her manner! She would have bearded me, if she dared; and I have borne with her too long! Have you any other remarks to make on my 'domestic affairs,' Miss Eleanor Haydon? If so, pray don't let any delicacy prevent you from proceeding."

"You spoke strangely just now," she answered. "You corrected my remark that there are reasons why we should retain Morison's services, and signified that they are no longer required. Am I right?"

Mr. Penruan nodded.

"What do you mean, sir? Is there not the same sad cause for her vigilant and affectionate attention that there has been for years!"

And Eleanor's eyes began to question his with much anxiety in them.

"You may think so; I do not," he coolly replied; "for I am of opinion that Mrs. Morison's patient might be in more skillful hands than hers; and therefore, the said patient will be removed as soon as the necessary arrangements have been made!"

"You will not be so cruel!" Eleanor began, but he promptly stopped her.

"You had better understand at once, young lady, that nothing your spirit of contradiction, your determined and dutiful opposition to all my plans, may lead you to urge, will have any weight with me! I have resolved to do what *I* think best, and to do it in such a manner that not even you will have any opening for finding fault with my proceedings!"

"Explain yourself, sir!" she exclaimed.

"To whom? To you? How long have I been under the domination of my ward and step-daughter, that she must be consulted before I lift a finger in my own house? Take care, Miss Eleanor Haydon! As you have insisted that our young friend shall be a witness to your unseemly conduct, I will tell him what, in pity to you, I have hitherto concealed. You have an idiot sister, whose condition you, and one or two as evil-minded as yourself, have attributed to an act of harshness committed by me—an accusation as absurd as it is false!"

Eleanor opened her lips to utter a vehement protest, but checked herself.

"You have an idiot sister," he repeated, significantly; "and your own bursts of violence—your wild freaks, especially that of riding a horse as evil-tempered as yourself—must lead any thoughtful person to the conclusion that Violet Haydon is not the only one in the family whose brain is affected. Take care lest for my guardianship a more stringent one should be found advisable for you as well as your sister!"

He quitted the room before she could make any reply; and Eleanor, pale, gasping for breath, caught at the arm of Max, and looked wistfully at him.

"No," she said, recovering herself; "his abominable insinuations have not had any effect upon you! I am sure you will not be so easily induced to believe that an hereditary malady exists in my veins. But others may be more credulous; and then—oh, then what will become of me? Max Haveryng, I swear to you by everything I hold sacred that what this man has just implied is as false as his own heart! No taint of madness is in our family, and he knows it!"

"My dear little cousin, why do you let Mr. Penruan's unfeeling observations agitate you in this manner?" Max remonstrated. "Rest assured that he only talks in this strain to silence and annoy you. He knows well enough that he could not interfere with your liberty. He may be an autocrat in his own dwelling, but there his power begins and ends. He would not be allowed to smuggle an heiress out of the way, without searching inquiries being made as to the real state of the young lady's intellects."

"Thanks for that reassuring speech," was the more cheerful reply. "I dare say I shall soon overcome the chill his menace sent through me, and so we will say no more about it; only if ever you do hear that the lovely and accomplished step-daughter of Mr. John Penruan has mysteriously disappeared, I hope you will remember who is the person most likely to profit by getting rid of me."

"Pray don't dwell on such a notion. You make me feel quite uncomfortable," said Max. "At what time will you be ready for the sketching excursion we promised ourselves?"

But Eleanor answered, with a sigh, "At no time to-day, good cos. I have other things to think of than my own amusement. I suppose Mr. Penruan has taken it into his wise head that I have placed unlimited confidence in you, and told you all his secrets, as well as my own; and so, as he has broached the subject, I need not longer attempt to conceal that my only sister is as much in need of my pity as my affection. But, perhaps, you have heard the story of this great family affliction from other lips?"

"Not till last night. I could not help knowing that some mystery was connected with the apartments that communicate with the library; but, on my honor, I have not made any deliberate attempts to discover what it was."

"I quite believe you; and you must also believe me when I declare that—let Mr. Penruan say what he will—it was a deed of violence that made my pretty loving little Violet what she is."

"I have heard this also; but pray judge Mr. Penruan as leniently as my informant did. She assured me he was carried away by rage when he struck the poor child, and was most eager to alleviate the sufferings his rash act had occasioned."

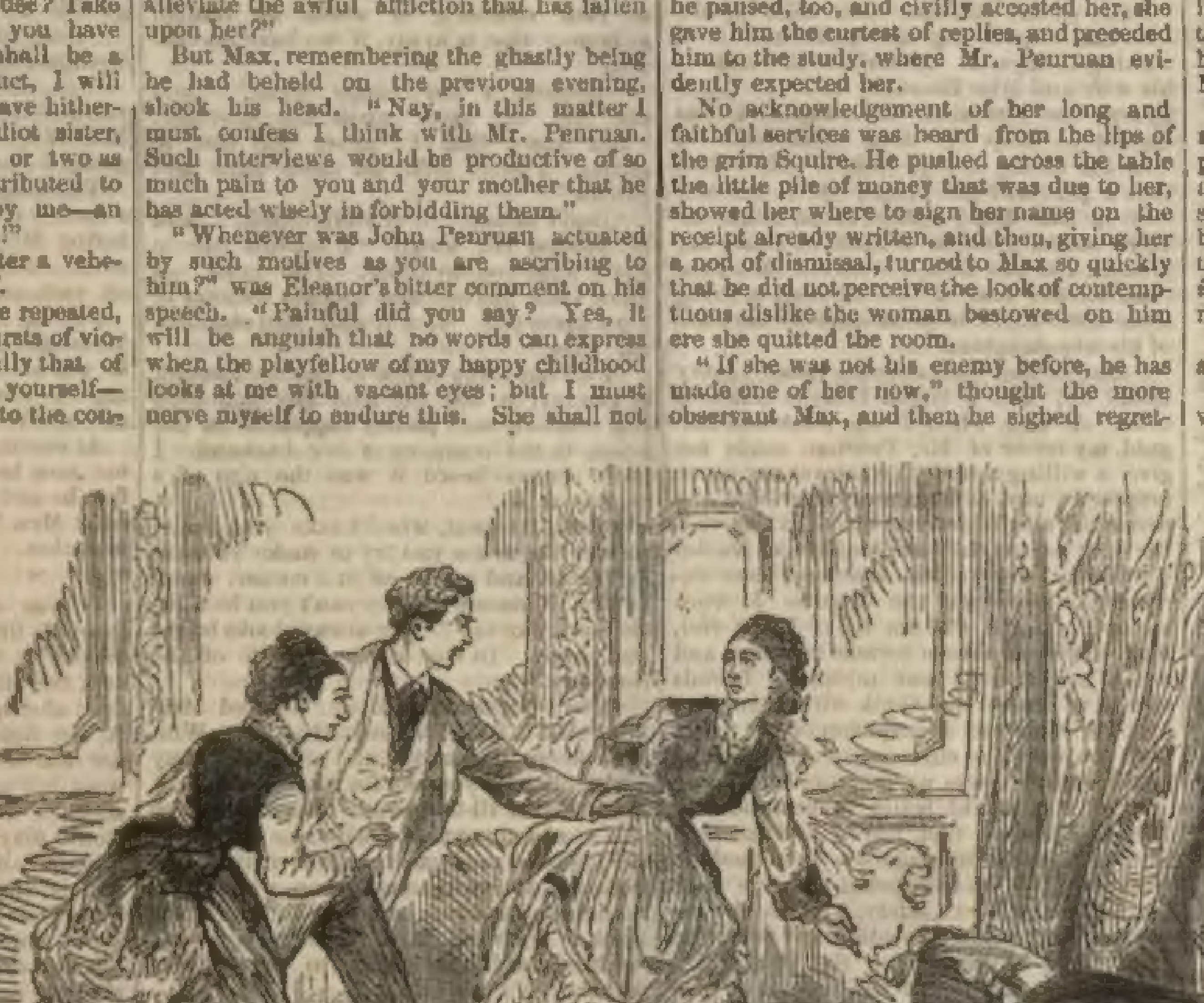
"And yet he would send away the faithful creature who has watched over her ever since the occurrence!" Eleanor reminded the speaker. "And worse—he evidently meditates handing our poor Violet over to the tender mercies of the cold, stern foreigner whom he brought here once before. But this shall not be. The helpless girl shall not be hurried away from her native land, and immured in some private asylum, where she may be treated with the greatest brutality! No, no! I say it shall not be! I will go to mamma, and try to rouse her into opposing it."

"Don't be too hasty!" cried Max, seizing her by the dress, as she was flying past him. "Just ask yourself if it will be right to say anything that may induce Mrs. Penruan to embroil herself with her husband?"

"Would it be right, think you, to keep silence, and let my own and only sister be yielding as it is, for she has permitted herself to be estranged from the unfortunate child, for whom maternal love might have done so much. Is it not bad enough to know that although she resides beneath the same roof, we never behold her? To know that those nearest and dearest to the afflicted one are never permitted to minister to her wants, nor make the smallest efforts to alleviate the awful affliction that has fallen upon her?"

But Max, remembering the ghastly being he had beheld on the previous evening, shook his head. "Nay, in this matter I must confess I think with Mr. Penruan. Such interviews would be productive of so much pain to you and your mother that he has acted wisely in forbidding them."

"Whenever was John Penruan actuated by such motives as you are ascribing to him?" was Eleanor's bitter comment on his speech. "Painful did you say? Yes, it will be anguish that no words can express when the playfellow of my happy childhood looks at me with vacant eyes; but I must nerve myself to endure this. She shall not be left to the careless hands of indifferent persons!



THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

Max was a little puzzled, and Eleanor hastily added, "You do not understand me; and yet I am only going to do the same as you would, were you in my position. When Morison leaves the Abbey, I shall take her place, and charge myself with the care of my sister!"

"Will Mr. Penruan object——" Max began.

"I shall not ask his permission. When he understands that I am with Violet, he will also comprehend that if she is removed from here, I intend to go with her. For very shame sake he will not venture to rid himself of both of us at once, or else I should feel that I am playing into the hands of a gentleman who will take advantage of every false step I make!"

She slid her fingers into the palm of Max, who was in great doubt what to say to her plans.

"Dear cousin, I shall look to you to give me prompt warning, if anything happens that may affect my future. Two short, sharp taps at the door in the library will always bring me there."

"But Captain Renton? What will he say to an arrangement that will entail upon you so much anxiety, and so many unpleasantnesses?"

"He is a soldier!" she answered proudly. "Tell him that I am doing my duty, and he will—nay he *must*—be content. Indeed, dear cousin, I feel that this may be a fortunate circumstance for both of us. I might have been weak and selfish enough to burden poor Charlie with a penniless wife, if I had not had my home obligations brought so strongly before me."

But Eleanor's lip quivered as she tried to say this in her gayest tones, and Max still retained the hand she had given him.

"I cannot feel sure that it is your duty to seclude yourself with an unfortunate who is incapable of appreciating your devotion or benefitting by it. Pray take a few hours for consideration."

"Not an hour! not a moment! If I went to mamma, as I proposed doing at first, she would only cry, and declare that no one is so much to be pitied as herself!"

"And is she not greatly to be pitied?"

"Yes. Poor mamma! her case is all the more deplorable because she has not strength and will to help herself or her children. What counsel would she give me if I asked it? None. Her dread of offending Mr. Penruan would dread her interfering in Violet's behalf, and so she would grow hysterical, and scold me for upsetting her, until I should leave her, half-angry, half-sorry, as I have often felt before. So say no more. I have an innate conviction that I shall never repent, devoting myself to my poor sister."

Certainly, Max had never thought her so beautiful as when, her eyes glistening through tears, she ran away, to commence her self-imposed task. With his hands thrust into his pocket, he was standing at one of the windows, wondering whether Eleanor would be as disagreeably impressed as he had been with the appearance of her unfortunate relative, when a servant came in to say that Mr. Penruan wished to speak to him, and was awaiting him in the study.

As he crossed the hall, in obedience to this summons, Mrs. Morison came down the principal staircase, in her bonnet and shawl, with a travelling bag in her hand. She stopped short at the sight of Max, and seemed inclined to address him; but when he paused, too, and civilly accosted her, she gave him the curtest of replies, and preceded him to the study, where Mr. Penruan evidently expected her.

No acknowledgement of her long and faithful services was heard from the lips of the grim Squire. He pushed across the table the little pile of money that was due to her, showed her where to sign her name on the receipt already written, and then, giving her a nod of dismissal, turned to Max so quickly that he did not perceive the look of contemptuous dislike the woman bestowed on him ere she quitted the room.

"If she was not his enemy before, he has made one of her now," thought the more observant Max, and then he sighed regretfully; for, to his warmer heart, there was something pitiful in the way this wealthy man, endowed with so many blessings, contrived to alienate every creature who came near him.

Mr. Penruan fidgeted awhile with some papers; then addressed his young kinsman, with some restraint.

"Am I trespassing on your time? There was some talk, wasn't there, of a trip somewhere?"

"There was; but Miss Haydon is otherwise engaged."

"Hem!" And again Mr. Penruan's hands moved restlessly among his papers. "As you have mentioned Eleanor's name, my dear Max, I may as well tell you that I am beginning to feel rather uneasy on her account—and yours!"

"Speak plainly, Mr. Penruan," said Max, in his bluntest manner. "At present, I do not understand you at all."

"Indeed! But you will give credit, I hope, for the kindest motives, in saying what I feel it my bounden duty to say?"

"If you are doing a duty, sir," was the quick reply, "I should be the last man in existence to find fault with you for it."

"Thanks. It is very pleasant to have to deal with a young man who is so thoroughly straightforward as you are—very pleasant! I have no doubt that you will see the justice of my remarks—no doubt whatever!"

As Max did not know what answer to make to this speech, he merely bowed his head, and after a little pause, the Squire proceeded.

"You have never given me your confidence, my young kinsman. I am not going to complain of this, nor express how much such reserve towards one who was most willing, most anxious, to befriend you, has pained me; we will let that pass. As I said before, I do not wish to speak of myself."

To what was his harangue tending? Resolved not to speak till he knew, Max still remained mute; and, finding him thus impenetratable, it was in more acrid tones that Mr. Penruan went on.

"You have been domesticated here for some time, Mr. Maxmillian Haveryng, and the world, always ready to be censorious, is beginning to interest itself in your motives for remaining so long at the Abbey."

"Am I to understand, sir, that I have outstayed my welcome?" the young man demanded haughtily.

"My good Max, did I not tell you that it was not of myself I was talking? Have I not been delighted to have you here? Our subject is Eleanor Haydon. She is generally considered a charming young lady, and when a gentleman takes up his residence beneath the same roof with her—shares her walks and her rides—sings with her—seeks every opportunity of being in her society—the gossips naturally inquire what are this gentleman's intentions?"

"I am not at all inclined to satisfy the gossips," retorted Max; "but if *you*, sir, put the question to me on your own account, I reply, without hesitation, that I love Eleanor Haydon as if she were my sister."

"You will find it difficult to make others believe that your *very* marked attentions have been merely brotherly ones," said the Squire, with an unpleasant smile; and his auditor began to feel hot and angry.

"As far as I am concerned, sir, it is of no consequence what indifferent persons may think of my conduct, and it will always be in your power to exonerate me; for you know that it has been by your own pressing invitation that I have remained so long at the Abbey, and you are also aware that I have never entered myself in the list of Miss Haydon's suitors."

"Pray do not add to the awkwardness of my position by giving me such difficult points to answer as those you have enumerated. I cannot enrol myself as your partisan, my young friend, because it is incumbent on me as Eleanor's guardian to tell you that if you mean nothing—*absolutely nothing*—by your attentions, you really ought not to remain here."

"Then you wish me to bring my visit to a close?"

"I!" and Mr. Penruan put up his hands with a helpless air. "Have I not just told you that my own wishes must be in abeyance? You know how gladly I should have received you as a son-in-law; but if this is not to be, duty, my dear Max, duty compels me to say that Eleanor's interests demand your departure."

Max bit his lip; but he knew that the keen eyes of the Squire were upon him, and he tried hard to repress any other symptoms of annoyance. That Mr. Penruan was as eager to be rid of him as not long since he had been eager to keep him was evident; and for his own part he would not be sorry to bid adieu to a house that had so many disagreeable associations connected with it. But he had learned to distrust his kinsman; to seek for hidden motives beneath everything he said and did; and the question that now arose was, "Why am I in his way? Why is he striving to drive me hence in such unaccoutable haste?"

For once in his life, the impetuous Max acted with caution, and temporized.

"I could not wish to remain under your roof, Mr. Penruan, if my presence is likely to prove injurious to the fair fame of a young lady I admire as much as I do Miss Haydon; and I would quit the Abbey within the hour——"

"That will be very sudden," interposed the Squire before he could say another word; "but I honor you for your eagerness to atone for your mistakes, and so I shall not oppose it. I will myself carry your adieus to Mrs. Penruan, who is not well enough, I fear, to see you this morning."

"I would quit the Abbey within the hour," Max repeated, "if I did not feel that to do so before Captain Renton returns would look as if I were really guilty of some breach of good faith."

"You may trust me to explain everything satisfactorily," the Squire assured him. "You may safely leave your character in my hand, my dear Max. I will take care that no one shall assail it."

"Thank you," the young man answered coldly; "but I prefer to fight my own battles. Captain Renton will be here in a day or two. When he arrives, I will remove to St. Erne; but quit the neighborhood I will not till I feel sure that both Eleanor and the man who hopes to make her his wife, acquit me of any proceeding of which I have reason to be ashamed."

"You look at me, Mr. Max Haveryng, as if my plain speaking has offended you," the Squire exclaimed, with a frown. "If you wish to pick a quarrel with me for——"

But Max hastily interposed.

"Excuse me, Mr. Penruan; I can have no such intention while I am enjoying your hospitality. I will think over what you have said, and rid you of my presence here as quickly as is compatible with certain obligations I have entered into."

"Shall I be considered too inquisitive if I ask what you mean by certain obligations?" Mr. Penruan inquired, puckering his brows.

"I merely alluded to a promise I gave Captain Renton," said Max, who did not care to tell his curious host that the ardent lover had bound him to watch over Eleanor, till he could return and do so himself.

"Then you leave us—when?" asked the Squire, keeping to the point with a pertinacity that was very galling, and would have driven Max into answering, "This very moment!" if he had not been restrained by the thought of Eleanor. To go away without seeing her—to leave her without a friend here, and therefore quite at the mercy of her unprincipled stepfather—would be as selfish as cruel; and therefore he once again made an effort, and controlled his rising temper.

"Pardon me, Mr. Penruan, if I defer replying to your question until to-morrow. Surely you are not afraid that Miss Haydon's happiness or prospects will suffer by my tarrying here for another four-and-twenty hours, are you?"

"Then to-morrow you bid farewell to Penruan; but not for ever! Of course, we shall see you when you visit England again," said the Squire, wisely ignoring the query Max had just put to him. "We shall miss you very much, my dear young friend—very much, indeed."

He was beginning to add some flattering remarks, the insincerity of which so disgusted his auditor, that he abruptly brought them to a close by saying that he would not hinder Mr. Penruan any longer, and quitting the room.

CHAPTER XXVII.

REAL OR UNREAL.

The wounded pride that Max contrived to keep in abeyance while he was with his churlish host, arose in full force when he was once more alone, and able to think over his annoying speeches. No, not even for Eleanor's sake, much as he liked her, could he stay at the Abbey, after having been so plainly told to go; and with frowning brow and burning cheek, he went to the library to warn her of his intentions.

His tap at the door leading to the ruins was quickly answered by Eleanor herself. She had been weeping and had the air of one who had just received some great shock. In fact, she did not at first seem able to comprehend what Max was telling her, so completely had other events overwhelmed her.

"I will see you again presently," she said. "To-morrow we will talk over these things. Just now my mind is so perturbed, that I cannot."

"My dear little coz, you do not seem to have understood what I am saying. Unless I can be of any real assistance to you, I shall certainly quit the Abbey at once."

Eleanot put her hands to her forehead.

"Morison gone—you going—and Charlie away! You make me tremble when you remind me how friendless I am."

"Shall I telegraph for Captain Renton? Although I do not know what schemes Mr. Penruan has in hand, I feel with you that he is not to be trusted; and if I leave this house, I shall not go further than St. Erne until you have some one near to whom you can appeal for protection if you should need it."

Eleanor stood looking at him absently for some moments before she made any reply.

"I am bewildered," she said, at last. "Something has—has ocurred that I cannot speak of yet; but if you will give me time——" She checked herself. "Nay, I forgot that you are going hence at once. Dear friend, do not leave the Abbey yet," she added, entreatingly. "Telegraph to Charlie. He ought to be here; but do not go away yourself until he arrives. In pity for two very helpless creatures, promise that you will not."

"It would be hard to refuse a request couched in such terms," said Max, hesitating; "but it is harder to stop beneath the roof of the kinsman who bids me begone in no measured terms."

"If that is your only objection, I can at a word remove it. You are my guest—mine and my poor sister's. Mr. Penruan has no right to the property he holds. He is an imposter, and he knows it."

"Are you so very sure of this, Eleanor? Remember, it is no light charge to bring against the husband of your mother."

"You must not question me just yet," she answered. "Give me your promise and let me go. You have much to learn, but not from me."

"Letty—does it concern Letty?" he demanded, eagerly; but she only shook her head, and repeated the words, "Your promise; give me your promise."

"I will remain here till Captain Renton arrives," he began; and she stayed to hear no more, but, with a hasty nod, retreated, closing and barring the door by which she had entered the library.

Max did not absolutely repent the pledge he had given, but he found his position more and more intolerable with every passing hour. He was no longer an acceptable guest; and to his fiery spirit this was an ever-present annoyance, not to be shaken off by any of the resources at hand.

He whiled away a portion of the morning fishing, and carried to the cook a basket so well filled, that she exclaimed in delight at such an addition to her larder; and then, throwing off his coat, he worked industriously in Eleanor's garden till the first bell rang for dinner, and he knew that he could no longer avoid the presence of his inhospitable kinsman.

But Max rose superior to all vexations when he found on his dressing-table a note, signed with the magic name of Letty. It contained but these words: "At Uncle Dan's this evening;" but they sufficed to render him very happy. He augured all he wished from them; for he knew that Letty would not have summoned him to the promised interview at an earlier date than she had previously named, if it were not with the fixed purpose of fulfilling the assurances she had given him at their last meeting. His probation was ended; the concealment and reticence that had plagued him would be satisfactorily accounted for; and if no cloud interposed betwixt him and the felicity of which he dreamed, a few days more would see him speeding back to America with his bride.

He went down to dinner in so cheerful a mood, that the Squire surveyed him askance more than once. Mrs. Penruan was unusually lachrymose; and a chance allusion to the absent Eleanor made her sigh and apply her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I am a most unfortunate mother; and yet it is not my fault that things are as they are, though Eleanor talked to me this morning——"

"Like a fool!" snarlingly interposed her husband, "I wish you would eat your dinner, and hold your tongue!"

"How can I eat, Mr. Penruan, when my heart——"

"*Will* you help Mr. Haveryng to that dish beside you?" he demanded, in tones that made her tremble as she obeyed him. "Has Max told you that he leaves us to-morrow morning?"

"I am sorry to hear it!" Mrs. Penruan exclaimed. "It has been quite nice to have some one in the house that I could talk to without being afraid of saying something or other——"

But the poor lady was fated not to finish her speeches, Mr. Penruan rudely breaking in with the observation that "Women never did talk without making some remark would have been better unsaid."

After this, no one attempted to speak again; and when the cloth was removed, and Mrs. Penruan left the gentlemen to their wine, Max, with the briefest of apologies, quitted the table also, and took his way down the cliffs to the cottage of the fisherman, Claynack.

Dan himself admitted him. The old man looked very grave, but it was a kindly gravity; and when Max held out his hand, it was taken in a hearty grasp that betokened feelings of amity.

This was a good omen, and he hailed it as a token that his wooing would meet with no more opposition in this quarter.

Old Dan resided alone no longer. Esther Morison sat beside his hearth, and she rose and curtsied as Max greeted her; but, ere half a dozen words had been exchanged, Letty, in the familiar hooded cloak, glided from the inner room, and, putting her arms in his, clung lovingly to his side.

"You see, Aunt Esther," she said, in low yet firm tones, "I have made my choice. If Max Haveryng, when he has heard my history, is still willing to make me his wife, I will consent to be his, and those are no friends of mine who oppose it."

"If I have objected, dear child," said Mrs. Morison, with a tenderness that wonderfully softened and beautified her usual sternness, "it has been for good and obvious reasons; but if you love Mr. Haveryng, and think him worthy to be trusted, I will say no more."

"Has he not proved himself deserving of my confidence?" Letty indignantly demanded.

"Will he love and watch over you, toil for you, plot for you, as I have done?" asked Mrs. Morison, earnestly. "Never, never; and yet you love this stranger, who may, after all, betray you, better, far better, than you do me!"

"Tut, Esther!" cried old Dan, laying his palm on her shoulder. "What art 'ee thinking about, wench? Isn't it always so—the young to the young, the old to the old? The lad's a good lad. What more would 'ee have?"

"If I were sure of that!" she answered, dubiously.

"I'm sure on't," returned the fisherman, sturdily. "Dan Calynack's judgment mayn't be o' the best, like his eyesight, but it helps him to know an honest man when he meets wi' one."

Letty rewarded him for his speech by running into his arms and lying her golden head on his breast, while she sobbed out her gratitude for his interference.

"Bless 'ee, bless 'ee, my dear!" the old man exclaimed, softly drawing his hand over her hair. "There's nought to thank me for. I ha' said what I think; now let Master Haveryng prove it. Tell him all; he will keep your secrets, come what will."

Letty turned once more to Max, and tremulously questioned him.

"Are you ready, then, to listen to the story of my life? It must not be told here, but in the dwelling where its saddest scenes were enacted. Let me lead you there."

She moved towards a door that Max had often noticed during his residence in the cottage, but always believed to open upon a closet in which old Dan kept such spare fishing-tacle, nets, etc., as he did not happen to require. Now, however, he saw that it led to a rude flight of steep steps, cut in the side of the cliff. Up these, directed by Letty, and closely followed by Esther Morison, Max Haveryng now accompanied his guide, till the rock-hewn staircase ended in a small plateau, about half-way to the summit of the cliffs. There a cavity, hidden by a jutting point, admitted them to a cavern of considerable extent, and Letty paused for breath.

"The former tenant of Uncle Dan's cottage," she explained, "was a smuggler, who found this cave useful as a store-house for such articles as he feared to keep in his dwelling. There is also a route from the cavern to the Abbey above, formed, it is said, in those days when gentlemen living on the coast thought it no harm to buy their wine and brandy in the dead of the night, and duty free."

"And it is to the Abbey you are about to lead me?" Max inquired.

She nodded assent, and, by the aid of the candle Esther Morison had lighted, they pursued the windings of the cave till it brought them to an aperture, through which they climbed, and followed a narrow track between two projecting crags, till they reached the grounds surrounding Mr. Penruan's mansion.

"Then you have been an inmate of the Abbey, as well as your aunt?" said Max. "Was it's owner aware of this?"

"Yes and no," was the enigmatical reply.

"And it was you who looked at me through the sliding pannel on the night of my arrival?"

Letty blushed, and smiled.

"I did not startle you more than I was myself startled. The room had been long unused, for guests are rare at the Abbey, and I had been in the habit of passing through it occasionally with Aunt Esther. Neither she nor I knew of your arrival till the gleam of your lamp warned us that some person or persons were in the chamber. I have never visited it but once since, and that was when you were so ill and delirous that I prevailed upon Esther to let me share her watch beside you."

"You are taking me into the ruins!" said Max, suddenly. "Why is this?"

"Eleanor Haydon awaits us there," was the curt and not very explanatory reply. "Be patient. If I tell you all, it must be in her presence, and in my own way."

Eleanor herself appeared ere Letty had finished speaking. She had been watching for them, and as they approached, she glided down the passage Max had explored when in search of the dog.

In silence he and his companions followed, but was it his fancy that another footfall mingled with their own? He glanced behind him, but not a creature was visible; and though he could not wholly divest himself of the idea that Mr. Penruan might be watching them, he forgot the circumstance ere long in his deeper interest in Letty's revelations.

Once again he stood in that chamber in the ruins long since set apart for the unfortunate victim of the Squire's violence. As before, she lay on her cushions, her glittering eyes staring at vacancy, her expressionless face chilling him with its ghastly hue and strange rigidity.

"Was there any need to bring me here?" he said, pausing on the threshold. "I have already seen this unfortunate, and heard the cause of her sad condition. Why pain me needlessly by bringing me into her presence again?"

Even as he spoke, a strange conviction was creeping over him, that made him glance hastily from the figure on the cushions to the beautiful girl who stood beside him. Yes; he was compelled to see and acknowledge that there was some faint resemblance in the two faces; though one was hideous and sallow, and unearthly in its immobility, and the other fresh and lovely, with the hues of life and health, still he could trace this likeness and marvel at it. Was some fiend taking the features of Letty to mock him? Involuntarily he put his arm around his betrothed, and drew her towards him, exclaiming, "I entreat you not to torture me any longer! What does this mean?"

"It means that Violet Haydon, the idiot, is no more!" exclaimed Eleanor.

And springing forward, she struck the figure to the ground, where it lay a waxen wreck, while the true Violet sobbed on the shoulders of her astonished lover.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EXPLANATIONS.

There was a shadow on the brow of Max Haveryng as he stood gazing down at the broken image, which had rolled to his feet. Why had this knavery been practiced, and what good purpose has ever been attained by so much trifling and deceit?

But ere he could ask these questions, Letty wiped away her tears, and disengaging herself from his arms, moved nearer to Eleanor.

"My sister, stand by me while I tell Max why I have taken a part in acts which are so abhorrent to his franker nature, that already he begins to look coldly on me!"

"Not on you, my Letty!" he promptly answered. "I feel sure that it has not been of our own free will that you have entered upon a course which your conscience will not let you approve."

"You are right, sir. It is I who have been to blame!" exclaimed Mrs. Morrison; "that is, if it can be called wrong to meet cunning with cunning, and oppose craft with craft. I mistrusted Mr. Penruan from the hour in which he made the acquaintance of my master and mistress, and wormed himself into their good will, and as I foreboded them, so events have proved. He is a wicked and hypocritical man!"

"Need you dwell upon this?" asked Max, who felt no pleasure in hearing his kinsman abused.

"Yes, sir, I *must*, because it is necessary that you should know my reasons for what I have done. I was away, when my master, Mr. Haydon, died, for I had been summoned to the death-bed of my own mother; and though I learned afterwards that the poor gentleman often asked for me, Mr. Penruan—who had already the management of everything—would not permit anyone to send for me. When I did go back, the children had been sent away, and my mistress was fast falling into the toils that had been spread for her. Indeed, I was so angry at the weakness with which she permitted herself to be persuaded into marrying again before Mr. Haydon had lain in his coffin a twelvemonth, that I would have left her, only my heart yearned to the dear little girls, whom I had nursed from their birth. I felt that I might be able to be of use to them, so I smothered my vexation and stayed on. It was owing to my promptings that, as soon as we were settled at the Abbey, Mr. Penruan sent for them home. Violet came first, and she tells me you have heard from her own lips how the aversion she testified for her step-father angered him terribly. I scolded her for it, and tried to convince her of the prudence of striving to please him; but to no purpose. Her answer was always the same; for though a good-humored child in general, she could be very obstinate, and she would say, 'Nurse, he is a bad man; papa said so when he way dying, and so I ought not to like him.'"

"You know to what a brutal act Mr. Penruan's wrath led him, and how the doctor hastily called in asserted that my poor little nursling would never thoroughly recover her senses. At my urgent request, a surgeon of more note was sent for, who confirmed the assertions of the former one; but seeing my distress, he added, to console me, that, although the brain had received a severe shock, it was just possible, as the child was so young, that she might eventually recover; and he prescribed a course of treatment, that I followed with a perseverance for which I was ultimately rewarded. While others were gradually losing their interest in the sufferer, and avoiding more and more the remote chamber in which she lay, I, who never left her, saw health, first of body, then of mind, slowly but surely returning."

While she spoke, Letty glided from her sister's side to caress the faithful attendant to whom she owed so much; and at this proof of her grateful affection, Esther's voice faltered, and after an ineffectual effort to recover herself, she was obliged to pause.

"But why did you keep this happy change a secret?" asked Max. "Mr. Penruan, if I am rightly informed, had evinced the deepest remorse for his violence."

"Ay; but his was remorse that was too short-lived to be depended on. Morning after morning he came to me with the same question, 'Is all over?' till I could not help seeing what answer he longed to hear."

"But Violet Haydon's mother had a claim to your consideration," Max persisted. "She ought to have been informed that her child was recovering."

"True, sir; and if my mistress had been a lady of stronger mind, I should gladly have told her all, and sought her help in nursing my charge. But as it was, I felt that my best course was silence. I ought to warn you," he added, seeing him still look doubtful, "that Miss Violet did not get quite well all at once. It was the work of years, during which I sometimes hoped, but oftener despaired; and by the time she was thoroughly herself again, I had become so convinced of her step-father's baseness, that I dared not risk his knowing the truth."

"Why, what had you to dread?"

"Everything!" was the emphatic reply; "for it is undoubtedly true that in his last moments Mr. Haydon revoked the will that gave too much power to his false friend. When Miss Violet's memory grew clearer, she could remember the names of the persons her father mentioned as witnesses to the document. I sought them out; they were servants at the hotel where he had been staying, and though ignorant of the contents of the paper they signed, they would swear to the nature of it. While Mr. Penruan believed my charge to be hopelessly idiotic, he had nothing to fear; but Violet Haydon, restored to herself, would endanger his position, and her childish admissions had told him as much. This is why I have worked in the dark, Mr. Haveryng," she said, in conclusion. "This is why I have dreaded and watched Mr. Penruan at every opportunity."

"And with what results? Any?"

"Yes, sir. I have satisfied myself that the will is still in existence, and that Mr. Penruan hides it somewhere in the old-fashioned rosewood desk in which Mr. Haydon deposited it."

"You forget," said Max, "that if your young mistress was right about this will, and her step-father has obtained possession of it, his safest course would have been to destroy it immediately."

"Not so, sir; for there is no doubt that it provided amply for Mrs. Penruan, who is now his wife; and he is too wise to risk losing this bequest, if the other will should ever be successfully disputed."

Max shrugged his shoulders.

"I am no lawyer. I did not think of this; but pray go on."

"Well, sir, having satisfied myself that there really was another will in existence, I could understand why Mr. Penruan was always suspicious, always watching, and doubting every one about him. I saw to what a nonentity he had reduced his second wife, and the crooked policy he was pursuing towards Miss Eleanor, doing his utmost to goad her into a hasty marriage, that he might withhold her dower, and have it for himself. Had I not therefore every reason to dread what he would do if he learned that Miss Violet was of sound intellect, and able to attest, as far as her testimony would go, that the will he had proved and acted upon was not the right one?"

"You had, indeed!" Max admitted.

"Besides this," Mrs. Morison went on, "I had discovered that Mr. Penruan walked in his sleep every time anything happened that disturbed his guilty conscience; and I hoped, on one of these occasions to track him to the place where he had hidden the desk, and get possession of its contents. So you must not be surprised that I persuaded my young lady to think with me that it would be better to keep our secret a little longer. She had no friends to whose safe keeping I could confide her, and so I did the best I could for her myself."

"I can scarcely comprehend how you succeeded in concealing the truth so long," Max observed.

"Nay, that was easy enough; for who felt any interest in an idiot girl and her nurse?" she replied, with some bitterness. "None of the servants came near us, Mr. Penruan considering me quite capable of waiting on myself. He forbade the visits of his wife and Miss Eleanor; and, to guard against the intrusion of strangers, I was careful to keep the door communicating with the library always locked. More than this, I procured the image, which, casually seen in this dimly-lighted room, might deceive others even as it deceived you. My greatest fear has always been lest Mr. Penruan should take it into his head to bring some new doctor to pronounce on the state of his step-daughter."

"But it has been a weary time!" Letty broke in; and I thank Heaven that it is over. At first, when I was weak and languid, my terror of Mr. Penruan made me give a willing assent to whatever my nurse proposed; nay, as I grew stronger, and she permitted me to descend the cliffs and visit the only person in our confidence, Daniel Calynack, I enjoyed the secrecy of these excursions, and even the disguise I wore amused me. It was not till I knew you, Max, that concealment became irksome; and when my worthy, but mistaken, friends strove to make me think with them, that Mr. Penruan had a suspicion of the truth, and you were the emissary he employed to search into it, I was wretched indeed!"

Now, Max could better understand why Esther Morrison had feared and avoided him, and striven to make his betrothed do the same. With so onerous a charge upon her mind as Violet's safety, who could wonder that she hesitated to admit any person to such close intimacy with the young girl, especially a relative of the very man who was scheming to defraud her and her sister of their father's bequest?

"And you," he said, turning to Eleanor, "have you been in the plot?"

She answered in the negative.

"Not until this morning, when I came here to devote myself to an afflicted sister, did I know how little my ministrations were needed. And, in the midst of my joy at finding her so thoroughly recovered, I cannot help grieving that I should have been denied so long the precious companionship of such a sweet sister!"

Letty kissed the speaker affectionately.

"It was for your own sake, dear. We knew how much you had to endure, and that made us hesitate to embroil you still further with Mr. Penruan; so do not scold me. You would not, if you knew how often, from some nook in the ruins, I have watched you flitting about your garden, or riding down the avenue, free to come and go when you pleased; whilst I was a poor prisoner, whose only relaxation was a sudden visit to the fisherman's cottage on the beach."

"Ay, well, it consoles me to know that I am not the only one who has been mystified," answered Eleanor, with an arch smile. "Little did I dream that the Widow Rayne our cousin Max inquired about so anxiously was a near relative of my own!"

But Mrs. Morison impatient of the lighter tone the young girls were taking, began to ask, "What is to be done? We are not here merely to talk, but to decide on some plan. You must recollect that I am forbidden to enter the Abbey; that Miss Eleanor cannot keep everyone at bay as I have done; and if she and Miss Violet were to seclude themselves here ever so carefully, the truth must creep out ere long."

Violet—or Letty, the name for her that Max always loved best—glanced wistfully at her lover, and with a reassuring smile—for was he not her sworn champion and protector?—he drew her arm through his own.

"I will not pretend to say that I could be a match for Mr. Penruan, and therefore I eschew all schemes for his defeat. But my Letty will be just as dear to me without a fortune as with one, and the sooner she gives me a right to take care of her, the better."

"But Eleanor?" whispered the blushing girl. "Can we go hence, and leave her sorrowful and alone?"

"Do not think of me," was the brave reply of Eleanor, who overheard the whisper. "If, like you, dear Letty, I could content myself with bread and cheese and kisses, I have the satisfaction of knowing that a faithful heart and that romantic fare are at my service, but I cannot and will not leave mamma entirely at Mr. Penruan's mercy. Neither am I so generously ready as you good people to present him with my dower. I'd much rather have the spending of it myself."

"But if we *cannot* make him, dear Nelly?" her sister queried. "If our quick-witted, indomitable Esther has failed to do it, must we waste our youth and happiness in more of this weary waiting for such a doubtful advantage as even success would be? In any exposure of Mr. Penruan's villainy, recollect that mamma would be the sufferer!"

"You, at all events, shall be set free," cried Eleanor, embracing her. "Take her away, dear Max. In old Dan's care she will be safe until you can make her your own."

But Letty clung to her sister.

"Not yet! not yet! Alas! we scarcely know each other, and would you bid me leave you already? Besides, Max must have time given him for consideration. I will not be forced upon him. Neither shall anyone blame him if he hesitates to wed one whose youth has been spent under such a cloud as lowered over mine."

Max gently drew her from Eleanor's embrace to his own.

"The cloud you speak of has passed away, and if God gives me life and health, your future shall be all sunshine. Spend this night with your sister, my dear one, if you will. I shall be in the Abbey, ready to protect or counsel you to the best of my ability, if any unforseen trouble arises. But tomorrow I shall leave here, and arrange for our marriage to take place at the earliest opportunity, at the little church at St. Erne. Once mine, I can defy Mr. Penruan or his machinations, and you and I will remain close at hand until Eleanor can resolve upon some plan for her own future."

As no better arrangement could be made, and Esther Morison was eager to see her young mistress efficiently protected, Letty's faint objections on the score of haste, &c., were overruled; and, being warned that, if he lingered much longer, Mr. Penruan would wonder what had become of him. Max bade her a tender adieu, and quitted the ruins. Again he fancied that a stealthy step fell upon his ear, and he stopped more than once to listen; but no sound was to be heard, and when he entered the hall he was informed by a servant in attendance there that the Squire had been engaged writing in his study all the evening.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MINNIE'S TRIUMPH.

BY RAY DARLINGTON.

"Really, Minnie, I do wish you would try to be a little more sociable; you are so quiet that every one remarks upon it. People will soon really believe that you are unhappy—that I ill-treat you, perhaps."

And George Marshall frowned, as he spoke these words to his young wife.

"What nonsense, George! I was always quiet."

"I am sure you are always lively and full of fun when we spend a quiet evening at your mother's, or when we remain at home; that is to say, if we have no visitors."

"Because I am happy then." And she laid her head upon his shoulder. "You know that I never did care to go out. I never enjoy all these balls and parties."

"Don't Minnie; it is undignified." And he pushed her away. "I should like to know what you do enjoy. You must not allow these morbid and gloomy feelings to grow upon you. It will sour and embitter our lives."

"I do not think it just to call me morbid, or gloomy, or *any one* who can take such real comfort, such perfect happiness in her home, in the company of her husband. I have always heard it was the sign of a healthy mind."

"Well, I repeat, when I take you out, I should like to see you try to make yourself agreeable, and not go off in a corner. Look at Mrs. Winsome! Why can't you be a little more like her? She always looks bright and happy. In fact, she is the life of the company."

"I will beg to remind you," replied Minnie, "that it is well-known that Mrs. Winsome keeps her smiles, and all that gaiety which charms you so, for the world. At home she is ill-tempered. But I suppose you would appreciate a wife like that?"

"There is moderation in everything. I certainly do not appreciate one who acts as though she had not got two ideas in her head. With all Mrs. Winsome's faults, her husband has no reason to be ashamed of her."

"Am I to understand from that, you are ashamed of me?"—and Minnie's face flushed crimson.

"Well, I must confess, it is not very gratifying to know that my friends think I have married little better than an idiot; and what makes me more angry is the knowledge that you are in every way superior to her, if you would only try to make yourself agreeable. Another thing is rather annoying—to see Mrs. Winsome always dressed so handsomely—always in the latest style, while you have worn that *one dress* at least half a dozen times; and yet I know her husband does not make as much money as I do. The fact is, she is a good manager."

"If I am so stupid, it is a pity you married me. I wish I was home with mamma!"

And Minnie could restrain herself no longer. She covered her face with her hands and cried as though her heart was broken.

George felt as if he had been unkind, and putting his arm around her, he tried to soothe her; but his words had made too deep an impression upon Minnie's sensitive nature to be soon forgotten. She did not tell him, as many would, to go away; but she did not return his fond caresses.

The truth was, although George Marshall loved his wife fondly, he was too gay and thoughtless to fully appreciate her virtues. He, like many others, labored under the delusion that we were placed in this world for the express purpose of enjoying ourselves, and believed in doing so to the fullest extent, while he was still young. Being a great favorite, there was rarely an evening but what he had an invitation for himself and wife to either a ball, party or some amusement. This kind of life he enjoyed. He thought *one quiet evening a week*, passed at home, was enough.

Minnie took a very different view of things. She thought pleasure in moderation was decidedly good; but her idea was one evening a week for excitement, and the others spent quietly at home. She thought it was really wicked, at least for persons in their circumstances, to carry it to a greater excess, not only a waste of time, but an utter disregard of health. Besides, she felt they could not afford it; and she had made up her mind, if possible, to awaken her husband to the fact ere it was too late, for she saw the love of excitement was growing upon him.

The next morning she was cold and indifferent; although she saw he was rather irritable, she took no notice whatever of it. When he arose from the table to go, she took up the paper and began to read.

In a moment he returned with his hat and overcoat on, ready to start. He was annoyed at her strange conduct. He had been accustomed to have her stand by his side every morning, and kiss him half a dozen times before he went. This new freak was anything but pleasant, and he could not understand it. So he said, in rather a sharp tone: "Well, how much longer am I to be kept waiting this morning?"

"Why, I am not detaining you, George!"

"Don't you intend kissing me good-bye, then?"

"I have no objection; but I really do not think Mrs. Winsome wastes kisses upon her husband."

He felt the rebuke, and did not answer; but, stooping, kissed her. She returned it, though not in her usual affectionate way. This was not lost upon her husband; but he thought it best to take no notice, hoping the cloud would pass away before dinner-time.

When he had gone, the affectionate little wife arose, and, clasping her hands tightly together, exclaimed, "Oh, dear, it was hard to let him go with that one cold kiss; but still he did deserve it. I must teach him a lesson, and one he shall not forget, for our future happiness is at stake.

Minnie then went upstairs and took the baby from the nurse-maid; it was as much as she could do to keep from having a good fit of crying; but she made up her mind to be brave; so she pressed her little darling to her heart, and tried to forget, by rattling all sorts of pretty baby-talk, as all fond mothers do.

She dressed the baby, then, herself; and leaving word with the servants to have dinner at the usual hour, and to tell Mr. Marshall she should not be home until tea-time, she went out.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Marshall was astonished when the message was delivered, and scarcely worth saying that he was decidedly angry; still, he was determined she should not know it. He would appear to take it as a matter of course.

So, when she came in, he tried to act as usual, but it was not so easy as he supposed; and Minnie, who understood human nature well, and could read her husband like a book, saw plainly that he was anything but pleased.

As for Minnie, she was too busy to greet him with her usual kiss; and when he sat down and rested his head upon his hands, instead of going and putting her arms around his neck, and, with loving words, frighten the ugly blues away, she merely said, "Come George; tea is ready, and we must make haste, for I promised Mrs. Winsome we would go to the theatre to-night."

Minnie could scarcely help laughing at the look of astonishment which her husband gave her. Then he said, "Indeed, you seem to be improving."

"I am. I have been taking a few lessons from your charming friend, Mrs. Winsome. I dined with her. She is a delightful companion. I knew you would be pleased to go with her this evening."

"Well, to tell the truth, I feel rather tired to-night; but as you promised I will go."

"Oh, no! don't go on my account. If you feel tired, you had better remain home. Mrs. Winsome said if you did not care of going, I could go with her."

You might have knocked him over with a feather at that speech from the lips of his loving Minnie. It is needless to say he went. She dressed herself with the greatest care, and looked as pretty as a picture.

Just as they were ready, Mr. and Mrs. Winsome came; and before he knew what he was about, he found Mrs. Winsome waiting for him to offer her his arm. Minnie and Mr. Winsome had gone off together.

At one time he would have been pleased; but now he was actually annoyed; and before he arrived at the theatre he was disgusted at Mrs. Winsome's frivolous tone of conversation.

* * * * * * * *

It was a difficult part for our tender-hearted little heroine; nevertheless she played it well. She was not very strong, and, therefore, it was no wonder she felt tired afterspending the two last evenings out. At one time she would have got up to see her dear George off, no matter how tired she was; but now, as she was taking the character of a Mrs. Winsome, she thought she would play it thoroughly; so she told her husband she felt tired, and, therefore, would not get up yet. Then she added:—"You know that Mrs. Winsome never gets up until about ten. She thinks it is nonsense to see her husband off; she says they do not appreciate it, and I think she is right."

So saying, Minnie turned over, as though to take another nap.

Mr. Marshall did not like this indifference at all; but, as he had so often said he wished she was a little more like the charming Mrs. Winsome, what could he say? He was obliged to swallow the mortification and his breakfast in silence.

No sooner had he gone, than Minnie jumped up, and hurried, so as to make up for lost time. All the morning she was busy as a little bee; but as the time drew near for her husband to come home, she took a novel, and began to read. This was another surprise for our friend George Marshall; but he was still silent.

Just as he was going out again to his club after dinner, Minnie called him back.

"George, I want to tell you about something very important."

His heart was up in his throat. He hoped she wanted a good-bye kiss, and perhaps, to lay her head upon his breast, and ask him to call her his loving little wife again.

"Well?" he said, in a faltering voice.

"I wanted to remind you to be home early to-night; for I have made up my mind to go to that party at Lady Brooks's."

"But, my dear, it is fancy dress."

"I am well aware of that, and, what is more, well prepared; for I went wi h Mrs. Winsmore yesterday, and selected my dress."

Minnie did look lovely as the pretty flower girl; and when she came into the room where her husband was waiting, and looked up saucily into his face, and said, "Buy some flowers, sir?" he could not help giving her a kiss.

But still he wished she was his affectionate little wife again; and he was just going to tell her so, when she very coldly said, "Be careful! There, that will do! you will disarrange my hair."

It was evident there were many others who admired her that evening, by the undivided attention she received; in fact, she was so continually surrounded, that at last Mr. Marshall was obliged to acknowledge to himself that he felt actually jealous; and the best part of the joke was, that Minnie, though apparently almost unconscious of her husband's presence, was nevertheless watching him narrowly. Therefore, the fact was not lost upon her.

It would be impossible to tell many other things Minnie did, and the many surprises our friend Marshall had.

One evening, when he returned home, he found her lying upon the sofa, and naturally asked what was the matter.

"Oh, I am half dead, I am so tired! Mrs. Winsome and I have been out shopping all day; and, oh, George, I have bought the most lovely new silk dress, hat, and cloak, and ribbons, and laces!"

"But, my dear, where did you get the money from?"

"Why, I told them too send the bill in to you—that is the way Mrs. Winsome does. They are all in the latest style, too—so superb!"

"Dash that woman!" thought Mr. Marshall; and turned upon his heel, not in the best temper possible.

Minnie did not look as neat and tidy as she used to do; but, after dinner, she went up to dress, and when he asked her why she dressed *then*, she said, "As we not are going out this evening, I thought I would get Mr. and Mrs. Winsome to come, it is so dull and stupid alone; anything to kill time, you know."

This was *too much*—they had not spent a quiet evening together for so long, that he would have given the world for a few of those hours when she sat upon her little stool at his feet, and her head upon his knee. Alas! could this be his Minnie? So changed—he sighed at the thought.

The next morning he put on a clean shirt, and found there was no button on the neck; he took another—there was one off the wrist.

"Why, my dear, how is this? There are no buttons on my shirts; it is the first time such a thing has happened since our marriage."

"There, now, George, do not be unreasonable; I can't do everything; I have no time to see to your shirts. I shall be obliged to have a seamstress to help me."

When our hero went to the drawer, for a pair of socks, he found about half a dozen pairs, with large holes in. Almost exasperated, he exclaimed, "Really, Minnie, this is going a little too far! There was a time when you were not above mending my clothes; then you thought it a pleasure."

"Yes, that was when I was foolish. Mrs. Winsome never mends her husband's clothes; she says it is not a wife's place."

"I wish you would never mention that woman's name in my presence. I hate and despise her!" And George Marshall ground his teeth in rage.

"Times have changed. You were once one of the loudest in her praise."

"For heaven's sake don't remind me of the time when I was a fool!"

"And don't you remember when you wished I was like her? I think I have been a very apt scholar, George—don't you?"

"A little too apt to please me."

And with something like an oath, George Marshall left the room. Minnie buried her head under the bedclothes, to keep from laughing.

Marshall did not feel very happy all day; he could not help thinking of the great change in his wife, and he felt he had himself to thank for it. When she had been as good and affectionate as it was possible to be, he had not appreciated her—in fact, had only found fault. Now he would have given the world for some of those loving kisses and fond caresses which at one time she lavished upon him; now she never condescended to give him one.

He returned in the evening weary and low-spirited. He longed for her sympathy, for a quiet evening with her; and he made up his mind he would remain at home and enjoy one, for the first time since that fatal quarrel; but, alas! the first words that greeted his ears were, "Oh, George, we shall not be obliged to mope home this evening, after all; for I have bought two tickets for a concert."

"Poor fellow! he was so dissipated he could not answer.

"You do not seem over-pleased."

"No, I do not care about going out this evening. I do not feel well enough."

"That is provoking; but I suppose you will go to bed early, and I can go with Mr. and Mrs. Winsome. I would not have you go out on my account."

Marshall did not say anything, for he hoped Minnie would change her mind. But he was mistaken; for after tea she went up to dress, and when they called for her, she merely came in and told him she was sorry he could not go, and started off in the best of spirits.

Then it was George Marshall felt the treasure he had lost; how weary, how lonely how miserable he was! He could have cried, as he thought how he had taught her to love pleasure and frivolity; and, now—oh, what would he not give to have his quiet little Minnie back! He was depressed in spirits, so sick at heart, that he laid his head upon his hands, and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, Minnie, Minnie, forgive me—love me, once more!"

A gentle hand smoothed his hair back, and a fond kiss was pressed upon his brow. He raised his head and there stood Minnie, with the old, loving smile upon her face.

"Minnie, my own darling, do you still love me?" and he clasped her in his arms.

But she drew back, and in a cold tone, that chilled him, said, "Stop, stop; this is going a little too far—it is *undignified!* Mrs. Winsome would not allow it."

"For heaven's sake, Minnie, trifle with me no longer, unless you wish to break my heart! Oh, darling, if you knew how I have suffered, you would forgive me—you would feel you had had your revenge. Can't you forget and forgive, darling, and be once more the loving little wife you were?"

And he looked up so imploringly at her, that Minnie's heart could withstand it no longer, and she threw herself in her husband's arms.

"Oh, George, do you really love your silly little Minnie best?"

"You were not silly, darling. I was the foolish one, not to appreciate your virtues. I was blind, but I am wiser now, and love you ten thousand times more. Only say that you forgive me, Minnie!"

"I do forgive you, with all my heart, dearest. But tell me where are you the happiest—at a ball, a party, the theatre, or opera?"

"Ah, Minnie, I have found the truth of what you have so often said—real happiness is only found at home."

"Then you will not be angry, if I do say I do not enjoy parties, and want to stay at home with you—will you, George?"

"Angry, darling? No; you have taught me a lesson I shall never forget! Be once more my loving wife, and I shall never want to leave our home."

And will you promise never to ask me to take lessons from Mrs. Winsome again?" And Minnie looked up with a mischievous smile.

"Oh, Minnie, if you knew how I despise that woman, and how I hate myself for ever insulting my dear, good little wife, by asking her to be more like her! How could I ever be such a blind fool? But, thanks to you, my eyes are at last open!" And George drew her closer to him.

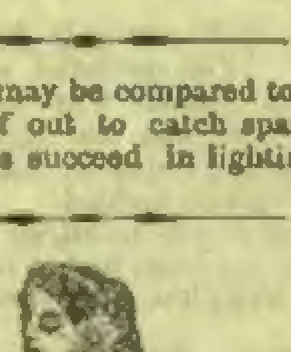
George had never felt happier than at that moment, as he looked down upon that sweet face and saw those pretty blue eyes beaming so full of love.

He kept his word; from that time they passed their evenings at home. He often told Minnie he had never before known what real happiness was; and he never ceased to thank her for having played her part so well.

* * * * * * * * *

Five years have passed, and it would be hard to find a happier family. George Marshall's chief delight is in the company of his dear Minnie, and sporting with the three little rosy-cheeked children who make up their family.

A COQUETTE may be compared to tinder, which lays itself out to catch sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting up a match.



A Harmless

And most delightful toilet preparation for beautifying the complexion and preserving the skin is Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Genuine prepared only by George W. Laird. It is perfectly simple and pure, and warranted free from any material detrimental to health. It is far superior to the old fashion beautifiers, such as powders, chalk, moon fun, etc., etc., for imparting youth and beauty to the skin. The "Bloom of Youth" is preferable to any other preparation offered for the same purpose. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores. Depot 5 Gold street, New York. Price 75 cents.

AUTUMN

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

The clouds fly, chilling the sun's gold rays,
As weeping dies the year—
The year of summer's bright warm days,
And each leaf falls a tear;
While the plentiful harvest in beautiful grain,
Is stacked in the fields which spread
By the side of the bushes all bare long the lane,
And the trees that are dying and dead;
But the birds that have gone will come back to sing
Once more with the bloom of the May,
And the slumbering world awake with the spring,
At the dawn of the violet's day.
There's a robin, and seed, with the winter's deep snow,
A kiss hid away with our sorrow,
Else how of the coming of spring would we know
Or why would we cling to a morrow?

MAJORIE'S LOVER.

BY CATHARINE FILER.

The wind came sweeping along the coast, tossing the waves up lightly, till each limpid crest rose white and wild, rocking vehemently, breaking, and falling back again to the level plane of the waters. The lake curled upward in little billows, and rolled greyly across the strand to dash and break upon the pine-country debris scattered thickly in every direction. Away to the west the clouds rose ragged, dark, cold, clearly defined against the sky, foreboding wind.

A ship rocked in the bay. Around her panted the dingy tug that was to propel her to the lake; and over the stern of the vessel a sailor was leaning, gazing wistfully towards the beach where a woman paced.

Up and down she walked, with firm, vehement tread, crushing the pebbles and drift-wood under her feet fiercely. Her hands were clasped together, her cape hung loose from her square shoulders, over which the dark, unkempt hair fell in disturbed tresses black as night. Her eyes had in them the expression of those lowering storm-clouds—cold, dreary, dark, despairing.

"If he had only said one kind word!" she cried, rebelliously. "If there had been but one look of kindness in his face for me, it would not have been so bad!"

She clasped her little brown hands intensely,and the wind took up her shawl and the loose, dark hair lying around her shoulders, and flung them backward. She turned her face up towards the sailor at the ship's stern. His gaze was upon her, solemn, thoughtful, earnest. Something of Majorie's mood had begun to dawn over him. Their eyes met one lingering moment, and an electric sympathy flashed from one to the other.

"Majorie!"

He called her name, yearningly.

With an overpowering impulse to go to him, she held out her hands and sprang forward.

The seething waves lay between them.

A thought came over her of him who walked upon the waters to meet his Master, and why should not her faith uphold her likewise?

She was a little ignorant foreman's daughter, reared in the atmosphere of superstition which clings to those who walk the lonely paths; and her life by the lake and among the adjacent hills had served to strengthen this inherited imagination that is so fertile a soil for the growth of fallacious beliefs.

Her feet lay on the white, curly rim of the water, her face looked up at him, and in her luminous eyes her soul arose, lured thence by the magnetic power of his love. She had forgotten the deep billows between them, until a wave came foaming along the coast, and broke around her, flowing in white wreaths about her feet; then she sprang back with an afrighted cry, and sat down upon a boulder to watch the departing ship.

She watched it till the sails faded away beyond the sea line, and then she rose, walking slowly home.

The wind had risen and blew a gale, the great grey billows broke in the middle of the beach with angry clamor, the atmosphere was heavy with moisture, and a rain-storm was brooding.

Majorie had never before felt much anxiety because of storms; news of wrecks had never touched her young,unthinking nature with deep pity and dread; but she had never loved before, and now her lover was a sailor, therefore to-day she walked in fear and foreboding.

Geoffrey was her first love. He had come to the little lakeport town late in the preceding fall, and just in time to take an active part in the festive transactions of the Wakeites.

Wake was a lumbering town, small, and bombastic as an alderman. It boasted three mills that gave employment to the majority of the inhabitants. It had half a dozen stores, where were sold indiscriminately drygoods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, machinery, and all the paraphernalia that went to the making up of the home and business departments of the population. It had also a number of grog shops, without which the world would not revolve. There was, likewise, an eighth-rate millinery and dress-making establishment; and the literary portion of Wake sound their intellectual cravings appeased by applying to the photographer's counter, where most of the current sensational papers were on sale, in company with a collection of toys and confectioneries.

As for Wake's aristocracy, it was of a dubious grade. The barber danced with the lumberman's daughter, who was the acknowledged belle of the place, by right of both social and moneyed position, and who yet did not refuse to touch the palm of the rising lawyer and scented German clerk indiscriminately with the tips of her white-kidded fingers.

Sometimes, perhaps, the young lady may have turned aside from the "mill-hand," whose rough palms, by hard labor in her father's mills, were cut up into seams and ragged, callous spots somewhat as the hemispheres are interlaced by mingling rivers and dotted by mountains, but such superciliousness was hardly to be tolerated in Wake.

It was on the night of one of the bucolic —nay, hardly bucolic in such a sand-bank, bespotted with scraggy firs as was Wake; primeval would be a more appropriate qualifier. It was on the night of one of these primeval gatherings that Majorie, coming in from the outer crisp fall air, noticed near the entrance a bright, pleasant fellow, with yellow hair and blue eyes that befit a born sailor, and with a busty cheerfulness in his manner that may have been assimilated by his nature as he worked before the sunlight and the wind.

That they danced together, she flirting her curls, and casting the customary shy and coquettish glances that are fire-tipt, he scraping assiduously to the wear and tear of his soles and the floor, while meantime a tender and eloquent perspiration lay upon his brow, must be taken as a matter of course

It is remarkable how love arises. Ordinary flowers must be rooted in soil fertile in a greater or less degree; the blossom of love needs none, although it will grow in different molds; it is like the pretty, satiny mushroom springing up unexpectedly from some mossen stump.

That Majorie loved him she hardly was aware. A delight in his society, a longing for him when he was not near, an aching in her bosom at the idea of the non-reciprocity of his sympathetic emotions, these were hers; but she was too practical, or rather, too ignorant in her first affections to comprehend that this was love, until at last the truth woke suddenly in her crying little heart.

Geoffrey was going away. Could she live and see him no more?

Her hands were clasped together nervously, her lips grew pale at the thought; afterward she wept; and when next she met Geoffrey on the public street that boasted its five dubiously metropolitan stores, she bent on him two sad wistful dark eyes, whose expression made his own grow sad and wistful, as he turned to look down on her.

There is a magnetism in human souls. Its office is the spirit, its wires lie in the atmosphere; its works in darkness and light, between two that sit hand in hand, between two that are sundered by the seas that are so wide and bitter to cross.

The emotion swept over Geoffrey's soul like a warm breath of wind and was gone; the knowledge came that dreary day on the lake when the storm was rising, and he held out his hands and called her name, pathetically—more pathetically than either comprehended with its subtle undertone of an exquisite affection and delicate sacredness.

It was the one exact keynote of her life; the calling of that name by a tender voice awakened her soul to all of sublimity and truth. If we could all live up to love's true meaning—and love's true meaning is so high and sweet, and full of tender mercies—then Christ might never have died for our sins.

After Geoffrey went away the summer came, a strange, dry, desolate, pine-country summer, whose hot sunlight beamed blastingly down on the yellow sawdust roads; on the scraggy juniper bushes intergrown by blue berries that the half-civilized Indians around the village picked for market, on the bare sand hills from which the cedars had been stripped. I think there is scarcely a place on earth more glaringly desolate than a pine-country lumbering town.

Wake was a lake-port village. The ships were towed into the harbor by consequential little tugs that roamed the lakes for them as scavengers do for their defunct prey; the "line" of steamers, consisted of two leaky, asthmatic tubs, that were separately stuck regularly on the sandbanks at the harbor's mouth, and while either one of them was in this condition, as regularly did all Wake descend to the shore to see "her" gotten off. "Her" is the appellation applied by the lake-port people to a propeller, a ship, the world over.

Majorie watched it all, her eyes growing brighter and happier, the murmuring of the lake waves teaching songs to her soul that rippled forth over her lips.

Now and then a letter came from Geoffrey few at first but afterward more numerous. What commonplace little letters they were; just such as every girl has received from a dozen different men. When they first begin to come the maiden's eyes have a way of brightening that makes one who sees them wish that he himself were young and confiding again, and were just receiving his first love-letter; for now his glance does not grow luminous, and the dainty notes that come are dropped in the waste-basket and not hidden under a pillow that has held so golden a dreaming head. Of what sweet humdrum commonplaces one's life is made up.

In the fall Geoffrey was to return to Wake, and in his epistles there were mysterious hints of strange events that would transpire at that enchanting period. There was a pretty cottage on the eastern hills overlooking the harbor; this, he said, he had long coveted, and it was his intention to rent it and go to housekeeping in the autumn if a certain young lady of Majorie's seraphic intellect and generally angelic pertinences would consent to be his own little house-keeper, etc., etc.

Thus the summer dropped into September. The sun grew warmer and more warm, the sandhills reflected the glare; the beaux of Wake abandoned the wearing of coats and smirked in their shirt-sleeves over the counters at their muslin-robed customers. There was no withering of vegetation because there was no vegetation to wither. The scrubby junipers defied the sun, likewise the cedars, that were too scraggy and dingy to show a failing of color. This was fall in Wake.

It was the twenty-third of September. There had been a lull in the winds that usually shifted the sands around the city. Toward nightfall dark clouds began to rise in the skies, grey in the zenith, slate-color and purple interspersed with cold silver layers along the horizon foreboding wind. You might have heard it rise, soughing drearily among the cedars and against the headlands. It brought upon its wings splashes of rain, dreary, gusty, miserable squalls. By nine o'clock the storm had increased, and the hurricane raged with fearful violence. The thunders broke and the lightnings flamed fearfully, the rain fell like a deluge. It was the equinox.

There was a gathering in Wake that evening. Majorie was there, surrounded by a phalanx of rustic beaux. Her laugh rang out clearly, her eyes shone like stars, she was intoxicated with the young girls' lively delight at being admired, for Majorie was very pretty and self-possessed of manner.

While she was in her merriest mood, James Plankerton came into the room,shaking his great coat, the sparkling drops of rain that sprinkled the dusty floor of the hall, while under his feet a puddle formed, for he had just come in from the rain.

He spoke a few hasty words to some of the men and passed out again, followed by several.

A rumor went the rounds of the company. Just outside of the harbor there was a ship in distress, firing her signal guns; and William Kingsley, Majorie's escort,came toward the little group of which she was the centre, with an anxious expression clouding his face.

"There's a ship outside the river's mouth, Miss Majorie. She has been signalling for help, but who is to help her on such a night as this? She'll go down, certain."

Majorie turned around abruptly, a wild fear flashing into her heart like a dagger. She thought of Geoffrey's ship out on the lake on such a night, and yet it could hardly be that this was his boat, although he had not told her the precise time of his coming save that it was some indefinite time in the autumn.

"That is very sad," she said. "Do you know what ship it is?"

"Not positively. Hogarth & Tabert's mill expected a lumber vessel in to-night. The Storm Brothers look for one also. Albert Houghton says it is probably "The Stronarch Star," as that was to be in Wake the latter part of this week, although it generally runs between Marquette and Milwaukee for the lumbermen in the former place."

Her heart gave one agonized bound and stood still. "The Stronarch Star?"—that was Geoffrey's ship.

Was Geoffrey to die beyond the folding of her arms when he was so near, so near and yet so separated? When he was coming to her was the sea to snatch him away irrevocably? Would he die?—and would she die, too?

She uttered a low, agonized cry, and groped for support. The room swam before her sight, the faces around her grew indistinct.

"Majorie! Miss Majorie!"

William Kingsley held out his arms to keep her from falling; and at the sight of the half-curious, half-sympathetic faces clustering around her reason returned and she allowed herself to be led away to the dressing-room.

Driving home through the desolate storm she could hear the heavy beat of the lake against the sandy shores, and in the flashes of the lightning her strained sight caught the vision of a ship just outside the harbor mouth, whose fierce waters sent over its deck blinding sheets of spray.

She did not retire on entering her room, but, disrobing herself of the tarletaine and lace that she had worn in the evening, she threw over her dress a grey waterproof cloak and stole away to the beach.

There were several men here before her, mill hands, and the better class of the town, gathered to watch the oncoming of the ill-fatedship.

It was destruction to come in on such a night, but the captain of the *Stronarch Star* was inexperienced and self-willed and moreover had lost much presence of mind in this emergency. Not understanding the wiles of the lake as did many of the sailors under him, who vainly cautioned him against entering the river, he commanded the ship to be steered toward the mouth where the beacon light flamed and flickered fatefully.

The vessel swept toward the shore: A great rush of water bore her forward upon its surging surface. On she came, sweeping, trembling, creaking through all her timbers, springing like a charger entering the battle. The waves lifted her high on their white crests. She towered a moment, quivered, leaped,and was dashed with Herculean force upon the beach. A shiver ran through all her timbers, and her bulk parted from bow to stern, slowly, and fell apart with a crash.

One wild, frenzied shrik rang over the land and was heard above the vessel's crash. It came from the lips of a woman, who tottered shudderingly forward and fell prone upon the sand with her hands held out toward the ship, appealingly.

Those around sprang forward and lifted her as she lay in a swoon. They took from her face the thick braize veil and pushed back the hood to reveal the fair young face of Majorie Donral with the crimson roses of the ball room still lying in the plaits of her dark hair. They bore her way to a fisherman's cottage near the shore and left her in care of a physician and some pitying women.

When she recovered conciousness and was left quite alone at her earnest supplication, she took advantage of the opportunity to glide out of the house unobserved; and the first grey streak of dawning creeping over the hills found her beside the water again.

There were many people hastening hither and thither along the beach in the gloomy light. Some of them carried lanterns,others blankets; more wandered aimlessly around or grouped together in agitated conversation. The storm had lulled for an hour or two, and all the men of Wake with a number of women had collected on the beach.

Majorie ventured in among them. In the dim, uncertain light they could not see the haggard appearance of the girl's usually rosy face nor note the nervous agony of the dark eyes.

Some one besides her asked if the *Stronarch Star* was the ship that was wrecked. Another responded affirmatively, and continued speaking concerning several of the passengers that had been saved and others whose dead bodies had been found.

"Where are the saved?" she questioned, nervously clasping her little brown hands.

The man pointed out to her one of those rude slab shanties peculiar to the vicinities of lumbering villages, the like of which is never seen elsewhere on this mundane sphere.

Hither she proceeded with trembling steps.

Entering the house, she asked to see the saved. A friend of hers was on board the *Stronarch Star*, she explained, and he might be one of them.

In the first room lay the dead, seven in number, all men excepting two, the steward's wife, who held closely in her arms a little child, her long, wet hair lying over its face. These were hopelessly dead, but the loggers' wives were vainly endeavoring to recussitate their lifeless bodies. Majorie passed them by, one by one, looking anxiously into their faces. They were all strangers to her.

In the second room, roughly partitioned off from the first by unplaned pine boards, were the saved. The captain was there, too weak to sit up; he had turned his face to the wall and covered it with his hands. One other alone had been recovered, the cabin boy. He turned away from Majorie indifferently as she entered looking at the captain, then at him.

"Geoffrey is not here!" she exclaimed with a low cry, of apprehension.

The cabin boy turned to look at her, interested.

"Geoffrey Gartney?"

"Yes. Did you know him?—Was he on the *Stronarch Star?*"

"I knew him; and he was on the *Stronarch Star.*"

"He was saved?"

"Guess he warn't mam. He wouldn't get on the life boats until all the rest were safe, and in the excitement I think we came away and left him."

She uttered a passionate, despairing cry.

"We couldn't help it. We did not know he was left until it was too late to turn back; and, after all, the life boats capsized; the waves threw us ashore or we should never have gotten here."

"He is dead!"

"I don't know that, mam. The water may have dashed him to the beach alive. Geoffrey had about as good a chance to live as anyone, for we were all in the water. I think if he died it was because he was good, and good people always go first. Gartney was very kind to us, mam." A desire to console her sorrow causing him to speak in sympathetic tones.

She did not hear what the boy was saying. A desire came over her to leap into the waves and be at peace with Geoffrey.

Lured by a blind impulse at self-destruction, she left the cabin and walked toward the lake. If *he* were in those waves, were not they a cradle meet for her limbs? She would lie down under the coverlet of foam, and may be her dead hands would meet his dead hands and a new life would burn madly through each heart at the uniting. Only to be with Geoffrey, anywhere, in any world; or, if there were no future world, to be with him in oblivion, her soul become an atom without conciousness wandering somewhere in an endless space.

At the edge of the water something caught her attention. It was the end of a spar rising from a billow that swept forward and receded, leaving at her feet a body lashed to the mast. The hair was golden, the eyes gazing up to her, true, bold, and blue like the skies of his own Michigan, were the eyes that had smiled on her so pathetically over the waters on that spring day six months before.

Her lover had come to her at last. Her true love had come! and her heart gave a wild bound to greet him even as he lay there dead.

With a cry of grief that was half of joy to see him once more even thus, she sprang forward and wound her arms around him, closely, fiercely. Her dark, loosened tresses mingled with his own wet curls, her lips lay upon his lips in a sacred silence.

She did not think of the populace before her, of the yawning, engulfing lake behind her. She knew nothing but that Geoffrey was with her again, never to be lost, hers forever in death.

A great wave rolling across the strand swept over them thus. As it receded, they were borne outward together. Majorie clung to her lover in silence. Was it death —death with Geoffrey? A great joy came over her. There would be no weary living without him, and it were so sweet to die thus, clasping him closely whom she loved so worshipfully.

His poor dead brow dropped forward on her shoulder, his lifeless arm slipped around her. She was blinded by the spray and could see nothing, not even the dead face pressed so closely to hers. Nevertheless it was there and would be there when they wakened together in paradise.

The waters were chill and stern; they drew her down and down but never away from Geoffrey. She held to the end the tender, delicious conciousness of the nearness of Geoffrey, and welcomed death with him that was so far sweeter than life alone, the never to be separation, the after wakening in Heaven.

And then her conciousness left her, and she was wrapt in the sleep eternal, clasping her lover in her arms.

Unto what high mysteries have they wakened, they that have found their anglehood? Some sacred hereafter, when our world that moves in the solar light shall have lost us, we, passing through the immortal groves, may see them loving in the presence of the dear Christ, clasped in one another's folding wings, and with palms in their hands, and the glory of a celestial affection illumining their happy eyes.

HOW HUSBANDS MAY RULE.

BY FANNY FERN.

"Dear Mary," said Harry Morton to his beautiful wife, "I have a favor to ask of you. You have a friend whom I dislike very much, and who, I am quite sure, will make trouble between us. Will you give up Mrs. May for my sake, Mary?"

A slight shade of vexation crossed Mrs. Morton's pretty face, as she said, "You are unreasonable, Harry. She is ladylike, refined, intellectual, and fascinating—is she not?"

"Yes, all of that; and for this very reason her influence over one so yielding and impulsive as yourself is more to be dreaded, if unfavorable. I'm quite in earnest, Mary. I could wish never to see you together again."

"Dear Harry, that's going too far. Don't be disagreeable; let's talk of something else. As Uncle John says, 'How's business?'"—and she looked archly in his face.

Harry didn't smile.

"Well," said Mrs. Morton, turning away, and tapping her foot nervously; "I don't see how I can break off with her, Harry, for a whim of yours—besides I've promised to go there this very evening."

Mr. Morton made no reply, and in a few moments was on his way to the city.

Mary stood behind the curtain, and looked after him as he went down the street towards the point where the omnibus was to be got. There was an uncomfortable, stifling sensation in her throat, and something very like a tear glittering in her eye. Harry was vexed, she was sure of that. He had gone off, for the first time since their marriage, without the affectionate "good-bye" that was usual with him, even when they parted but for an hour or two. And so she wandered, restless and unhappy into her bedchamber.

It was quite a little gem. There were statuettes, and pictures, and vases—all gifts from him either before or since their marriage; each one had a history of its own—some tender association connected with Harry. There was a bouquet—still fresh and fragrant—that he had purchased on his way home the day before, to gratify her passion for flowers. There was a choice edition of poems they were reading together the night before, with Mary's name written on the leaf, in Harry's own hand. Turn where she would, some proof of his devotion met her eye. But Mrs. May! She was so smart and satirical! She would make so much sport of her, for being "ruled" so by Harry! Hadn't she told her "all the men were tyrants?" And this was Harry's first attempt to govern her. No, no —it wouldn't do for her to yield.

So the pretty evening dress was taken out; the trimmings readjusted and remodelled, and all the little *et ceteras* of her toilet decided. Yes, she would go—she had quite made up her mind to that. Then she opened her jewel-case; a little note fell at her feet. She knew the contents very well. It was from Harry—slipped slyly into her hand on her birthday, with that pretty bracelet. It couldn't do any harm to read it again. It was very lover-like for a year-old husband, but she liked it. Dear Harry! And she folded it back, and sat down, more unhappy than ever—with her hands crossed in her lap, and her mind in a most pitiable state of irresolution.

Perhaps, after all, Harry was right about Mrs. May; and if he wasn't, one hair of his head was worth more to her than all the women in the world. He had never said one unkind word to her—never! He had anticipated every wish. He had been so attentive and solicitous when she was ill. How could she grieve him?

Love conquered! The pretty robe was folded up and put away—the jewels returned to their case—and with a light heart, Mary sat down to await her husband's return.

The lamps were not lit in the parlor when Harry came up the street. She had gone, then!—after all he had said! He passed slowly through the hall, entered the dark and deserted room, and threw himself on the sofa, with a heavy sigh. He was not angry—but he was grieved and disappointed. The first doubt that creeps over the mind of the affection of one we love is so very painful!

"Dear Harry!" said a welcome voice at his side.

"Heaven bless you, Mary!" said the happy husband; "you've saved me from a keen sorrow."

Young lady-reader, there are some husbands worth all the sacrifices a loving heart can make.

* * *

CULTIVATED WOMEN.—Sheridan said, beautifully: "Women govern us; let us render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men."

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

BY FANNY J. RAYMOND.

Genius hallows common ground.—*Mrs. Sarah Bridges.*

Men and women make their own beauty or ugliness.—*Alexander Smith.*

Never mind trying to set the whole world right; make sure of yourself first.

Multiplying wishes is a curse that keeps the mind perpetually awake.—*Dryden.*

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.—*Anon.*

I do not think that time and absence ever cured a man of an honest love.—*Louise C. Moulton.*

Nothing strikes all value out of the ordinary affairs of life so soon as sorrow.—*H. W. Beecher.*

We cannot be saved from the results of our own misdoing, even when it is done ignorantly.—*Jennie June.*

Use what talent you possess. The woods would be very silent if no birds sang there but those which sing sweetest.

The beautiful are never desolate; some one always loves them—God or man. If man abandons, God takes them.—*Baileys Festus.*

If religious people understood their duty, and had properly cultivated their taste, they would take every opportunity of encouraging good music, and good, honest dramatic work.—*Jennie June.*

It is a difficult thing to talk aright. You cannot arrest the progress of that cruel word you uttered carelessly yesterday; it will go on slaying, poisoning, burning, embittering, beyond your control for ever and for ever.—*Rev. Dr. Kirk.*

On an occasion when an affectionate but injudicious mother had been showing off her children, as vocalists and declaimers, at the dinner-table, Quin, the actor, who was one of the guests, was heard to mutter "Oh! the injured memory of Herod."

WISCONSIN RELICS OF THE MOUND BUILDERS.

The St. Louis *Republican* of October 29th says: Last week a party of scientific explorers made some very interesting discoveries in the neighborhood of Milton, Wisconsin. There are there a number of mounds which recent archæological investigation has referred to that mysterious race which inhabited the central portion of North America long before the present aborigines obtained a foothold here. Selecting the largest of these mounds, the explorers dug a trench from its outer edge to the centre, thirty feet long, five feet wide and at the centre attaining a depth of ten feet. About a foot from the bootom, at the deepest part of the excavation, a layer of ashes and decayed wood was,laid bare. A few inches below this was a hard deposit resembling mortar, and beneath were found the remains of four adults and two children. That they belonged to the race of mound-builders, is inferred from the fact that there had previously been exhumed, only eighteen inches below the surface, a complete Indian skeleton.

The other and vastly more important relics, were eight and half feet lower down. The first of these, the skeleton of a man, lay with the head to the west in a reclining position. At the knees, near each hand, were two ornaments, composed of the teeth of some wild animal, about four inches long, and having holes bored through for the string which attached them to the wrists. Close by was the skull, but so badly decayed as to prevent removal. A little to the south of the skull were four perfect flint arrow-heads, as clearly cut as if the work had been done by the best modern machinery. Lying around and under the shoulders were twenty-nine beads, manufactured from small shells, and perforated so as to be worn as a necklace. Evidently this was the skeleton of some famous personage, for among the bones of the five others no ornaments whatever were found. The chief's companions were arranged about him to the west, northwest and east. In the jawbone of one was a partly developed wisdom tooth, and most of the jawbones and teeth were in good preservation.

HOW MEN OF GENIUS CONVERSE.

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Danton was either taciturn or satirical. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Butler was sullen or biting. Hogarth and Smith were very absent-minded in company. Milton was very unsocial and even irritable when pressed into conversation. Kirwin, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourse. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor saturnine and reserved. Corneille, in conversation was so insipid that he never failed of wearying; he did not even speak correctly the language of which he was such a master. Ben Jonson used to sit silent in company, and suck his wine and their humors. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in stoicism. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a reserved silence. Fox in conversation never flagged; his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bently was loquacious; so also was Grotius. Goldsmith "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." Burke was entertaining, enthusiastic and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial life. Leigh Hunt was "like a pleasant stream" in conversation. Carlyle doubts objects, and constantly demurs.

THE MYSTERY OF PERFUME.

No one has yet been able to analyze or demonstrate the essential action of perfume. Gas can be weighed but not scents; the smallest known creatures—the very monads of life—can be caught by a microscope lens and made to deliver up the secrets of their organizations; but what it is that emanates from the pouch of the musk-deer that fills a whole space for years and years with its penetrating odor—an odor which an illimitable number of extraneous substances can carry on without diminishing its size and weight—and what it is that the warm summer air brings to us from the flowers, no man has yet been able to determine. So fine, so subtle, so imponderable, it has eluded both our most delicate weights and measures and our strongest senses. If we come to the essence of each odor, we should have made an enormous stride forward, both in hygiene and in chemistry; and none would profit more than the medical profession, if it could be as conclusively demonstrated that such an odor proceeded from such and such a cause, as we already know of sulphur, sulphurated hydrogen, ammonia, and the like.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.—Alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirit of ether, seven drachms. Mix, and apply them to the tooth.

CAPER SAUCE.—Stir two table-spoonfuls of minced capers, and two table-spoonfuls of capers, whole, into one-third of a pint of melted butter; add a little water of the vinegar, and dish the sauce immediately. Pickled nasturtiums are a very good substitute for capers.

TO DYE GRASS.—For pink, get some logwood and ammonia and boil them together in water; for red, logwood and alum; for blue, indigo blue; and all other colors that will dissolve. To keep the grass together, dip it in a weak solution of gum water; or put some gum water in the dye, which will answer the same purpose.

COMPOSITION FOR COLORED DRAWINGS AND PRINTS, TO MAKE THEM RESEMBLE OIL PAINTINGS.—Take of Canada balsam, one ounce; spirit of turpentine, two ounces; mix them together. Before this composition is applied, the drawing or print should be sized with a solution of isinglass in water, and, when dry, apply the varnish with a camel-hair brush.

HARNESS-MAKERS' JET.—Take one drachm of indigo, a quarter of an ounce of isinglass, half an ounce of soft soap, four ounces of glue, one penny worth of logwood raspings; and one quart of vinegar; boil the whole over a slow fire, till reduced to one pint. A small quantity is then to be taken up on a piece of clean sponge, and thinly applied to harness, boots, &c., taking care that they are previously well cleaned.

CURE FOR SMALL-POX.—"I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man," wrote Edward Hine to the Liverpool *Mercury*, "if the worst case of small-pox cannot be cured in three days, simply by the use of cream of tartar. One ounce of cream of tartar dissolved in a pint of water, drank at intervals, when cold, is a certain, never-failing remedy. It has cured thousands, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and avoids tedious lingering."

DIET BREAD.—Put three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar into a saucepan with a quarter of a pint of water, over a steady fire, and stir it till it is dissolved; beat six eggs with a whisk in a pan; when the sugar boils, pour it gently on the eggs, keeping it well beat till cold; then stir it into three-quarters of a pound of fine sifted flour; have your frames papered, fill them three parts full with the batter, sift sugar over them, and bake them in a steady oven.

BREAD PUDDING.—To one pint of milk add three ounces of pounded sugar and a very little salt pour it boiling on half a pound of bread-crumbs, add one ounce of fresh butter, and cover with a plate, let them remain for half an hour or more, and then stir to them four well-whisked eggs and a flavoring of nutmeg, or of lemon-rind; pour into a buttered basin, tie a paper and cloth over, and boil for one hour and a quarter. Half a pound of currants is generally considered an improvement.

A NEW ADHESIVE.—An adhesive which, so far as color and durability is concerned, is affirmed to surpass that made from gum arabic, is made according to the following recipe, viz.—Milk is curdled by the addition of acetic acid (vinegar) and the precipitated casein after being thoroughly washed with fresh water, is dissolved in a cold, saturated solution of borax. The result is a clear solution of syrupy consistence, possessing upon drying a fine lustre, and high adhesive qualities. This adhesive is recommended for a variety of uses.

WASHING PAINTED WOOD WORK.—The best way to do it is to put a handful of whiting into a bowl, having ready a piece of soft flannel and some clean warm water. Wet the flannel, squeeze it dry, dip it into the whiting and rub the paint up and down until it is clean. Wash off with cold water, and when it is nearly dry finish it with soft leather. If the paint is very dirty, mix a little bullock's gall with the whiting. In washing the wainscot care must be taken not to touch the edge of the paper with the wet flannel, as this would give the room a shabby appearance.

LEMON WINE.—Pare off the rinds of six large lemons, cut them and squeeze out the juice, steep the rinds in the juice and put to it a quart of brandy, let it stand three days in an earthen pot tightly covered, then squeeze six more lemons and mix the juice, with two quarts of water and as much loaf sugar as will sweeten the whole, boil the sugar, water, and lemons together; let it stand till it cools, then add a quart of white wine and the other lemons and brandy, mix them together, and run it through a flannel bag into some vessel; let it stand three months, and bottle off, cork the bottles well and keep it cool. It will be ready for use in a month or six months.

CURE FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.—A writer in the *National Intelligencer* says that spirits of hartshorn is a certain remedy for the bite of a mad dog. The wound, he adds, should be constantly bathed with it, and three or four doses, diluted, taken inwardly during the day. The hartshorn decomposes, chemically, the virus insinuated into the wound, and immediately alters and destroys its deleteriousness. The writer, who resided in Brazil for some time, first tried it for the bite of a scorpion, and found that it removed pain and inflammation almost instantly. Subsequently, he tried it for the bite of a rattlesnake, with similar success. At the suggestion of the writer, an old friend physician tried it in cases of hydrophobia, and always with success.

MINCED FOWL.—Take the remains of a cold roast fowl, and cut off all the white meat, which mince finely, without any skin or bone; but put the bone, skin, and etceteras into a stewpan with an onion, a blade of mace, and a handful of sweet herbs tied up; add nearly a pint of water; let it stew for an hour, and then strain and pour off the gravy, putting in a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Take two hard boiled eggs, and chop them small; mix them with the fowl; add salt, pepper, and mace, according to taste; put in the gravy; also half a teaspoonful of very finely minced lemon-peel, and one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, two tablespoonfuls of flour, made into a smooth paste with a little cold water, and let the whole just boil. Serve with sippets of toasted bread. Some persons prefer cayenne to common white pepper.

WATERED LARD.—The *Grocer* says: There is considerable complaint in some quarters of adulterated lard being crowded upon consumers, and circulars have been issued recently by Chicago houses charging this fraud upon Eastern refiners. There are doubtless some of the small refiners engaged in the production of adulterated lard, but the most of this sort of wash that is put upon the market comes from the southwestern refineries. In order that dealers may know how to test this spurious article we subjoin directions for making a simple test for water. Take a clear glass bottle, fill it with the lard to be tested (leaving out the cork); place this bottle about six inches from the stove or fire and let the lard slowly melt, being very careful not to get it up to the boiling point, as the water would then evaporate; most of the water will slowly fall to the bottom, and the lard, now melted, will rise to the top. By glancing at the amount of water now deposited at the bottom of the bottle, as compared with the amount of oil (or lard) above it, you can easily tell about how much water there is in the fraudulent article. Should the lard not settle clear, nor precipitate much water, it is an evidence that it is also adulterated with alkali, which serves to combine a part of the water with the lard, making soap of it, which does not precipitate readily with the water.

POISONOUS PICKLES.—It is a common custom with housewives to pickle green fruits and vegetables, and to preserve ripe fruits. If they knew the evil effects resulting from the use of such articles they would abandon them forever. Whatever condiment tends to preserve either fresh or green fruits and vegetables from decomposing or changing is unfit to be used as food. The same is also true of any article that has been preserved or pickled. In the process of digestion the food has to undergo organic changes. Therefore whatever substance prevents organic change will also hinder digestion. Pickles are a most unwholesome article, and should never be eaten, especially if of a bright green color. The London *Lancet*, a first-class medical journal, says: "It is hardly to be credited that people will insist on having pickles, preserved fruits and vegetables of a bright green color; yet a complaint was recently heard from a well-known London firm that they cannot sell their articles because they will not adulterate them with copper. All bright green preserves are unwholesome, because of the addition of some copper salt.—*Health Reformer.*

"**Dr. Felix Gouraud. Dear Sir,**—As a leading actress, I am compelled to rouge occasionally. Having never seen anything of the kind equal to your vegetable article, having striven in vain to procure it in this city, *I shall be greatly obliged* (should it not be to insignificant for you) if you advise me how and at what cost I can procure a bottle with the least trouble to myself. Please address
"——— ———, Philadelphia, Pa."
Dr. GOURAUD'S Depot, 48 Bond street, New York. For sale by druggists.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
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NOTICE TO EXCHANGES.

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GIVE THE CHILDREN A PET.

No doubt a dog, a cat or a bird may be a source of much trouble and vexation, and thinking only of this, it is easy to give a peremptory "No" when the little one asks earnestly for permission to keep the coveted pet, as almost all children will do at some time. But a mistake is made. To say nothing of the pleasure the child will have in its live plaything, there is no way in which the practical exercise of the better nature can be provided for.

It is easy to *tell* a child to be loving, patient, forbearing, gentle and care-taking for others. It is not so easy to lead them to practise these virtues. The love which most children have for a dependent creature as a pet, seems to be specially provided as a means of training in these qualities. The self-denial which a boy will undergo for the sake of his favorite dog is in its nature heroic. We have in mind a lad, now a grown-up man, whose stern father would never permit him to own a dog. Repeatedly the boy secreted the pup which some neighbor had given him, shared with him his meals, and devoted all his scant spare hours to his careful education; but the secret was discovered and the dog sent away. At last, one day in Autumn, the boy, who had again had the offer of a pup, came hesitating to his father with this appeal: "Father I've saved up two dollars this summer for spending money when I go to town this fall; now, if you will only let me keep a dog, I'll give you the whole of it, and not ask to go on the visit you promised I should make." The appeal reached the father's heart, the point was carried, and the boy had his dog and his money also. From that time the boy, who had heretofore taken every opportunity to steal away from home to enjoy himself at some neighbor's when he could play with the dog, was now content to be where his young heart was, and the father learned that the natural way of that heart showed a better method of guidance than the rule of repression which he really thought was for the boy's good.

Every exercise of kindness toward a dependent creature is an act which will confirm the habit of care for others, a trait most needed in us all and best learned though often most neglected in childhood. The child is usually taught by practise to receive all attention and care and to bestow little or none. Provide a pet of some kind that his neglected training may be remedied and abundant compensation will be found for all the extra trouble it may cause.

POSITIVE PEOPLE.

There are three classes: those who know very little, those who know very much, and those who have large self-esteem. The first class adopt an opinion because their narrow knowledge does not take in the views which might change it; the second class having studied a subject exhaustively form their conclusions upon solid foundations, to be shaken only by superior knowledge; the last named, who are stiffened by pride of opinion, count it a degradation to yield and substitute selfness for knowledge.

In dealing with positive people one needs know to which of these classes the case belongs, as each requires different treatment if we would have pleasant intercourse and avoid unnecessary collisions.

The man who knows a thing certainly because he knows nothing to the contrary, is entitled to patient forbearance. He will accept information if it be not violently thrust at him. Without disputing his assertions you may bring him to your own way of thinking by quietly stating such facts as will affect his opinions and allow him to draw his conclusions. Although not naturally assertive he may be roused into a stubborn defense of his beliefs by any display of force.

He who owes his convictions to large study is usually easily reached by presentation of new facts. Mere argument will do little. Show him truths bearing on the question at issue, which he may not have discovered, and his habit of mind will lead him properly to consider them. Do not attempt to move him by your own conclusions; he can make those for himself if you will furnish the premises; but as he has only slowly arrived at his own convictions it is too much to expect that he will change them without proofs satisfactory to himself.

The man who considers a thing true because *he* believes it, is best let alone. There were such in Solomon's time, and he with his wonderful insight into character said, "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him." Nevertheless such people have their uses. What they do they will do earnestly. Though dangerous while in error, they are impregnable if in the right. Their whole soul goes with their thoughts and you always know where to find them.

THE BEST NOVEL.

The standard by which to judge of a work of fiction is its results on the thoughts and purposes of the reader. If it has merely amused, or simply left an impression as a bright picture, however brightly artistic, it has not accomplished all which a novel can and ought to do. The scenes, characters and incidents which for the time become part of the life of the reader, as actual as reality, if the writer possesses the power entitling him to claim a hearing, will touch that life with new experience, and, rightly directed, will make it stronger, broader and firmer in the way of right living.

Many works, indeed the majority, fail in this. They may indeed serve a good purpose in other regards. If pure in tone they may give many bright hours of life, by filling the imagination with attractive pictures; they may cultivate taste by poetic descriptions, and communicate knowledge as in so-called historical novels. They may be good as far as they go, but they do not reach the higher plane where the writer summons spiritual forces and leads them on to victory over the lower thoughts and baser purposes of the reader.

Merely imaginative works may captivate the attention for a little season, but, like butterflies they pass away with the ruder blast and are soon forgotten, while the work in which the writer has wrought his own soul will remain a monument to his own praise and a waymark to pilgrims groping through the labyrinth of life. Let those who aspire to reach such excellence carefully study the works of its living exponent, George Eliot.

TOO FAR AWAY.

Many years ago when Greece was struggling for her independence, associations were formed in this country to aid the patriots. A friend of the writer, who acted as collector for the cause in Columbia county, N. Y., called upon an old lady and stated the case. He described the sufferings of the Greeks under Turkish rule, their heroic efforts to break its power, and the prospect that with such help as America could give they might soon be free. The old lady's heart was touched and she had already drawn out her wallet. Stopping a moment she asked, "Where did you say this was?" "In Greece," was the reply. "And where is that?" "In Europe." "How far from here?" "About four thousand miles." "Oh! if they are as far away as that, I guess they'll get along!" and the wallet was carefully put away unopened.

AVOID FRICTION.

Good humor, politeness, looking pleasant whether one feels it or not, will well repay the effort made to assume their appearance. They are the oil which smooths the friction of life, and not only will they lessen the shock of outward collision, but also have a reactionary effect: the oil will strike inward; assumed good humor will become real, and a pleasant face soon indicate that sunshine has risen within. The best aid a business man can have is geniality. People will like to see him whether they want to buy or not, and when they do want to trade will give him the preference. At home the atmosphere will be delightful or repellant, according as its inmates cultivate these graces. A forced smile and studied cheerfulness are better than frowns and complaints, and they may soon become habitual.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

To really improve the appearance, begin on the inside. Fill your heart with gentleness, patience, and goodwill, and your life with acts of kindness, and truer lines of beauty than any artist can paint will reveal themselves in the person. It may be a long task, but the end is worth the trouble. If it takes a life-time, remember that the outward look is only the partial revealing of the inward truth, and the gems with which you have adorned your true self will be imperishable, although the casket in which for a time they are kept, and through whose openings they can but dimly shine, may crumble; then shall they be revealed in the eternal light of truth, and ever reflect its lustre.

THE following epitaph was copied by a friend from a tombstone in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Beneath this stone my wife and I
Back to back together lie;
More blest than when in life's short space,
We *lied* like others face to face.
Now free from trouble, free from fear,
If she should scold, I could not hear,
When the last trump the air shall fill,
If she gets up, then I'll lie still."

EDUCATION.—Everything is education; the trains of thought you are indulging in this hour; the society in which you will spend the evening; the conversations, walks, and incidents of to-morrow. And so ought it to be. We may thank the world for its infinite means of impression and excitement which keep our faculties awake and in action, while it is our important office to preside over that action, and guide it to some divine result.

SONG

BY K.

Underneath unclouded skies,
As each happy hour flies,
May I ask one thought from thee?
"Forget me not," *ma chere amie.*

When to music's tuneful measure,
Beats thy heart in joyous pleasure,
With each sweet chord's melody,
"Forget me not," *ma chere amie.*

And if dark days come, forsooth,
And dim the rosy light of youth,
Still I dare to ask of thee:
"Forget me not," *ma chere amie.*

Whate'er may come in future years,
Storm or sunshine, joy or tears,
In thy heart I fain would be:
"Forget me not," *ma chere amie.*

THE ROAD TO HIS HEART.

BY MARY RUSSELL.

Gentle Hannah Ward's glance wandered across the room and rested for a moment upon the gay couple at the piano. There was just a shadow of longing in her brown eyes and the faintest flutter of a sigh in her breath.

"It must be very pleasant," she mused, "to command the admiration and attentions of all; to be sought after and worshiped like cousin Alva."

As her glance came back to the work in her hands, it encountered her father's eyes peering at her from over his paper and spectacles.

She read the watchful love and care, that was ever around her, in their half anxious expression, and felt a little sting of reproach.

"How selfish to envy Alva her one possession! I have an own home and the love and protection of a kind father to shield me from the world, and have been educated so thoroughly and practically that I could secure an independent livelihood even if I were penniless and alone, while poor, helpless Alva has only her lovely person and ready, winning manners."

She smiled into her father's eyes in her own bright way and resumed her sewing, while amused expression stole into her face as she heard the merry *tete-a-tete* going between their guest, Hugh Hanson, and her pretty cousin, Alva Sands.

This Hugh Hanson was the son of Dr. Ward's old and esteemed friends, and of so good a character and standing in life that the doctor had not hesitated in introducing him to his young daughter and niece, and offering him the hospitality of his home during the two weeks, that some business detained the young man in the town.

Hugh had gladly accepted the same, and was enjoying exceedingly the pleasant home and the pleasant society of its inmates. For the quiet, lady-like Hannah, who, as hostess contributed so much to his comfort, he felt a sincere respect and gratitude; but for fair, charming Alva he, at once, experienced a lively admiration.

Hannah had little time to spend with her guests and was very glad to have him so well entertained by her cousin. She had been her father's housekeeper for three years,—and a thorough, little housekeeper she was; having been well-trained in the mysteries and arts of the same, and possessing that delicate tact and kindly benevolence which is so quick to see and so ready to do that which will make each member of the household more comfortable and happy. Since the dear wife and mother had been taken from their home, Hannah had striven to fulfill every duty, and performed with her own hands all the little offices for her father's personal comfort, as had been her mother's loving way.

"What a dunce you are to drudge as you do!" Alva had once said on finding her cousin in the heated laundry, ironing her father's fine shirts. "Nancy can do those just as well; she did up my shirred and ruffled lawn splendidly."

"Yes," retured Hannah, "but mother always did such things for father with her own hands, not because no one else could do them as well, but because it was a pleasure to work for one she loved. And, then, to a man, it is sweeter to think that he is cared for by the hand of love than by those hired help; don't you understand?"

No; Alva did not care to understand, and she turned her rings on her little white fingers and vowed to herself that she would never be such a goose.

Just now, as she noticed that Hannah was stitching upon one of those same articles for her father, she mentally repeated the vow, while she carried on the lively chatter with Hugh Hanson.

"Miss Ward," called that gentleman, a moment latter, "I want you on my side, as the children say. Your cousin has declared her belief in that *outer* saying 'The road to a man's heart is through his stomach.' Help me, I beg of you, to refute a charge that sinks my sex to the level of the inferior animals!"

Hannah laughed and shook her head, but Dr. Ward answered in her stead.

"However much you romantic young folks may scout the idea, I think it is as true figuratively as it is literally. Even as the heart depends upon the stomach as the origin of the great currents of life that keep up its pulsations, so does the love and harmony of home depend upon the keeping of that unromantic organ in a sweet and healthy condition."

"No, doctor, that is unfair, to clinch me with your anatomical and practical knowledge. But, you see, love is from the world of spiritual things and does not hold allegiance to your mundane laws. No; Love, the divine, travels a diviner road:

"'Love is a celestial harmony
Of likely hearts, compos'd of stars consent,
Which join together in sweet sympathy,
To work other's joy and true content!'"

"Tut, tut!" laughed the doctor, "I cannot stand a charge of poetical bomb-shells."

"And I," said Alva, with a pretty air of submission, "am completely vanquished by the same;" and then she lowered her voice and began a conversation for Hugh's ears alone; which the doctor interupted a moment later, by begging to disturb their "celestial harmony" long enough to inform them that they were all to take Thanksgiving dinner, the coming Thursday, at his father's house.

"It is a fine, old country residence five miles from town," he continued, addressing Hugh. "My parents belong to old folks of others days. Hale and hearty, they still carry on a large farm and dairy simply from a life long habit of a industry and enterprise.

"You will find old-fashioned things and customs and a Thanksgiving dinner, which in bountifulness and rural simplicity may prove interesting to an urban gentleman like yourself. There will be barbecued meats and a great profusion of old-fashioned viands; for my parents not only send for all their own relatives, far and near, on that day, but gather around their board, all friends that will leave their own fireside, all the farm-hands and their families, and all homeless and needy ones, after a beautiful, old time custom!"

"It is a custom that is animated by the true spirit of thanksgiving; for brightening and blessing less happy and fortunate lives is the only return we can make for the blessings in our own!"

It was Hannah that said the last, with a sudden impulse of her generous heart.

"Amen!" said Hugh, earnestly. "Miss Ward there is a whole Thanksgiving sermon in those few words!"

* * * * * * * *

The sky was overcast, and the weather was mild and pleasant on that Thanksgiving morning of which I write.

In making the arrangements for that day on the previous evening, Dr. Ward said:

"I have a professional call to make on the way, and Hannah wishes to assail her grandmother about the setting of the tables, so it will be necessary for us to start very early in the morning; while you, Mr. Hanson, will come at your leisure. The cutter will be in readiness for you, and Alva will be your guide."

"You must be careful," he continued, turning to the young girl who was hiding a pretty blush of pleasure over her worsted work, "to turn to the right, soon after entering the woods. The road has been somewhat changed this fall."

Hugh expressed his thanks for so much care, and made some gallant protest against the doctor's monopolizing his daughter's society; but, in truth, he was very well pleased with the arrangement. A ride over the snowy hills and vales, to the merry music of the sleigh bells, with the pretty Alva tucked under the same buffalo robe, quite thrilled the ardent young man at the very thought.

It was some three hours after Hannah and her father had departed, before Alva announced her readiness to follow.

As she stood before him in her out-door wrappings, with the snowy plumes of her hat waving over her yellow hair, Hugh thought that he had never seen a lovelier little lady, and determined that, if he found her as true as she was fair, he would no longer deny himself the sweets of home and love; and there was a tender gallantry in his manners as he helped her into the cutter and arranged everything for her comfort, that made her pink cheeks grow pinker and her blue eyes sparkle with pleasure.

Merrily rang out the music of the sleigh bells, as they sped over the smooth roads; and merrily their happy laugh and chat mingled with that tinkling music.

Alva thought that those five miles would be all too short and, I fear, was by intent a little careless in looking out for the turn in the road. However that may be, it is certain that they never reached their destination.

Peaceful farm-houses and white fields were left behind them; and dark-sentineled forests and white vales stretched around and about them. By-and-by, the over-casting clouds began to dissolve in snow—soft, feather snow, that clothed everything in garments as fair as fairest elder-down, and made the landscape a wild, fairy scene of beauty.

At length, even those half-enthralled young people, became conscious that they had been a long while on the road.

"You must have Swedish miles in this country," said Hugh, looking at his watch. "It is now high noon and we should have been to the end of five common miles before eleven o'clock."

Alva looked up and down the road with a frightened look in her blue eyes.

"I must have missed the turn that Uncle cautioned me about! Oh, what shall we do?"

The young man at once began the pleasant task of soothing and reassuring the anxious girl.

"We will turn around and retrace our steps, and maybe can find the right turn-off; if not, surely the same road will take us to your uncle's again. I dare say, the goodly throng at your grandparent's will not miss us materially, and I could not have enjoyed myself better with other company."

He pressed the little hand that still rested in his, where Alva had placed it in her anxiety, and then proceeded to turn the horse's head about.

The girl blushed and withdrew her hand, and was again her merry self. Still the ride gradually grew tedious. The soft snow had melted on their clothes and robes, and made them generally uncomfortable, while the wind that had sprung up blew the snow into their faces and chilled them thoroughly.

They were not successful in finding the turn-off in the woods, and when they reached a farm-house and made inquiries, they found that they were so near town that both decided it was better to return home.

It was the middle of the afternoon when they alighted at Dr. Ward's door; and heartily glad were they to reach a shelter and remove their wet wrappings and feel the genial warmth of the replenished fire that was soon glowing and crackling in the grate. Hugh was soon warm; but still he was not comfortable, for he suddenly became aware that he was hungry; not mildly so, but savagely, wolfishly hungry! He was a healthy young man and the long ride and fast had developed an appetite beyond any he had ever before experienced.

For awhile he calmed himself with the pleasant thought that his "bonny Alva" would soon prepare a cozy meal for the two. But he reckoned quite beyond that young lady's acquirements. Nancy, the help, was spending the day at her own home; and Alva had never cooked an entire meal in her life, and was not willing to make her first attempt before this city-bred gentleman. So she exerted herself to the utmost to entertain him in some other way; but with the worst success. Hugh appeared quite another person from her, heretofore, gallant admirer. He took up a book and ignored her company by pretending to read, hoping that she would take this hint, and leave him to prepare dinner. Poor Alva at length, with tears in her eyes, mentally dubbed him "a perfect bear;" while he, glancing at her from over the book he held, savagely wondered if she intended to starve him outright. It suddenly occurred to him that the house looked lonely, and not at all like home without the bright, thoughtful Hannah, and he vowed, if he ever married, the woman whom he honored should be as skillful a housewife as that lady.

It was no less a relief to Alva, than to her surly guest, when, in the course of an hour or so, a merry jingle of bells stopped at the gate, and Hannah sprang out of her father's sleigh and ran lightly up the garden walk.

They both met her on the porch steps, and giving a hand to each, she cried gayly, but with an evident air of relief at finding them safe.

"O, you truants! We have been looking under every snowdrift by the wayside for you; and such visions as we have had of hobgoblins and birds of prey flying with you through the air to their wild eyries in the mountains! What was the trouble?"

"Lost the way? that is too bad, and we were all so disappointed that you did not come; and then you've had no dinner, you poor children!"

And Hannah hastened away to the kitchen.

It was not very long until the hungry pair were summoned to an appetizing repast. Broiled steak, tender and juicy; fragrant Mocha coffee, made as the doctor thought as only his little girl could make it; with the side dishes and courses, constituted a dinner that would have tempted a less hungry man than Hugh.

"This is a poor substitute for the Thanksgiving dinner that waited for you at grandpa's," remarked Hannah, as she poured the clear yellow coffee into the china cups.

"I never enjoyed a Thanksgiving dinner as much in all my life!" Hugh returned so earnestly that there could be no doubt of his sincerity, and he cast an admiring glance upon his hostess, who was really looking remarkably well, with her usually pale cheeks flushed rosy-red, and her soft, brown eyes and hair.

After dinner, Alva found Hugh the pleasant, gallant gentleman, but she soon became conscious that his attentions were no longer for her alone. He divided them equally between the two girls, and was very thankful that matters had not gone so far, but that he could honorably do so.

As he became better acquainted with Hannah and recognized her bright, cultivated mind and kind, generous heart, his respect for her deepened into a truer admiration than he had ever felt for Alva's child-like prettiness; and by the time that his visit had ended, he was quite sure that Hannah was the one woman out of all the world whom he desired for a life-long companion; and he determined to win her for the same.

He was brave and untiring in his wooing, and being really a worthy and lovable young man, eventually succeeded in gaining Hannah's love.

Alva, in the meantime, had turned the battery of her charms upon Squire Wilson, a wealthy and somewhat elderly widower, that had just passed the prescribed limits of mourning and was looking among the young girls, as such elderly gentlemen are wont to do, for a Mrs. Wilson number three.

One evening as Hugh and Hannah sat alone in the first rapture of engaged lovers, he remarked:

"Darling, do you know when I first began to discover what a prize you are?"

"No," returned Hannah. "I thought, at first, that you admired Alva, and for that reason I repulsed your advances until I knew that she had accepted Mr. Wilson."

"I did admire your cousin until the day she almost starved me. You remember, it was last Thanksgiving, what a delectable repast you served with your own hands? It was then that I began to realize what a little home-treasure you would be to the man that could win you."

Hannah turned away from her lover with a little pout. She had not yet passed that romantic age when girls expect to be loved for an indefinable something, quite above and beyond any material attribute.

"So the road to your heart was through your stomach, after all?" she said with a touch of sarcasm.

Hugh only drew her closer within his encircling arm as he answered: "My little love, you are a sensible girl not to see the truth implied by your father's words on the subject, a long time ago. The love and harmony of home depends in a great measure upon the wife's ability to govern that home by wise and natural laws."

"I remember quite well that conversation. I thought that you answered father's practical reasoning so prettily, and was really grateful to you."

"Perhaps, I answered prettily enough, but not altogether sensibly. Love is indeed the better, more spiritual part of us. It is the fair rose-blossom that crowns our lives with sweetness and beauty; but roses will fade if not sustained by the dull clods of earth, and man is not yet spiritual enough to be

* * * "too wise and good
For human nature's daily food!'"

GOSSIP ABOUT CUTTLE-FISHES.

Through the establishment of salt-water Aquaria, people are beginning to have correct notions of cuttle-fishes, their habits and appearance. We call them fishes, but they bear no resemblance to fishes with scales, which propel themselves through the water by the agency of tail and fins. Strictly speaking they are not fishes at all. They are very nearly related to our familiar oysters, cockles, whelks, and other molluscs. Cuttles, like oysters, are "shell-fish" in the true acceptation of the term—only that the cuttle-fish, in the great majority of cases, has its shell enclosed within its body, instead of being an external and protective structure—and the bodies of both animals, with those of all other molluscs, are built up on one great plan of structure. The chief characteristics or modifications of this plan in the case of the cuttle-fishes, consist in the elongation of the skin or "mantle" in the neighborhood of the head, to form the arms or tentacles so distinctive of these beings; the extension of this skin to form various kinds of fins; and the presence of a tube or "funnel," opening just below the head in front, and through which the water used in breathing is ejected. By this latter means the cuttle-fishes propel themselves backwards in the water, on the same principle that a cannon recoils after a discharge. And we still remember with delight the summer day when we first visited a shoal of common squids careering through the calm waters of the Firth of Forth, propelled backwards by the *jets d'eau* from their funnels. The sharp hinder tip of the body just protruded, like the prow of a vessel, above the surface, whilst the head and rest of the body were below.

The best known kinds of cuttle-fishes, and those which have been kept in our aquaria, are the genera Sepia, Loligo, Sepiola, Octopus, and Eledone. Of the first genus, the Mediterranean Sepia, sometimes found on our own coasts, is a very familiar species. The Loligos include the well-known squids, and the Sepiolæ are nearly all allied to the Sepia itself. The Octopi are the most famous of aquarium inhabitants, and differ from the three preceding kinds in possessing ten arms, of which two are longer than the others, and are provided with suckers at their extremities only. The eledone is also an eight-armed cuttle-fish, and a very familiar species of this genus is the *Eledone moschata*, so named from the musk-like odor it emits.

The domestic life and economy of the Cuttle-fishes reveal some interesting and anomalous features as exhibited in aquaria. We some time ago received some interesting particulars regarding the pranks of some octopi which lived in Dr. Dohrn's famous aquarium at Naples. Three octopi shared a large tank with three lobsters; the six being original proprietors and tenants of the miniature sea. Any newcomer, however nearly related he might be to either the Crustacean or Cuttle-fish tenants, was invariably received with demonstrations of the most hostile nature. A lobster and octopus battle is certainly a novelty in the way of animal combats, but such a fight actually occurred in the Naples arena. A lobster-giant, who had previously exhibited his prowess in crushing with his great pincer-claws the skull of a turtle, as easily as if the reptile's head had been a nut, was introduced into the happy family circle in the octopus tank. Immediately, the largest octopus gave battle to the crustacean; the lobster, early in the fight, seizing one of the soft, pliant arms of his opponent in his claws; the octopus managing, however, after a time, to withdraw the captured member. Day by day the combat dragged out its weary length, sometimes one side being temporarily victorious—as when the lobster lost a large claw—and sometimes the other. At last the combatants were separated, the lobster being placed in a new and unappropriated domain in an adjoining tank.

Now comes the strangest part of the history; for the octopus, as if seized with the passion, which, if exhibited in humanity, we should term one of "dire revenge," climbed over the partition separating the tanks, seeking his enemy, and, having found him, proceeded to wage war anew. The result was most disastrous to the crustacean, for the octopus was found, we are told, with the lobster in his clutches, literally torn into halves. Thus, to natural ferocity, we find the octopus unites immense agility and a stolid persistence. This same cuttle-fish extended no sympathy to his own species; for when two others—in addition to the two who had from the first been his companions—were introduced into his tank, he chased them from the water, and forced them to take refuge on the dry rocks above. Another Octopus, in a British aquarium, pulled out the plug of his tank, and brought death on himself and all his companions in a single night.

Some interesting observations have been recorded regarding the propagation of these creatures. Like other Molluscan forms, they reproduce their species by means of eggs. Some Cuttle-fishes, such as the Squids and Sepiæ, do not mount guard over their eggs, which, like those of some molluscs, are inclosed within tough capsules, and are aggregated into masses known to sea-side visitors by the name of "sea grapes," and the like. The octopi, on the contrary, make a nest of large stones, and therein inclose and guard their eggs—which, however, are not encased in capsules—with jealous care. The female is thus exceedingly careful of her progeny, and continually pours upon the eggs currents of water from the "funnel;" the presumed object of this letter procedure being that of keeping the water around them in a duly aerated state. The male octopus appears, unfortunately, to be afflicted with cannibal-like propensities; for we grieve to learn that one of the chief cares of the anxious mother is to ward off the attacks of her unfeeling spouse in his endeavors to make a repast of their united progeny.

As may be imagined, the Cuttle-fishes are very well provided in the way of organs of sense and perceptions. Their large prominent eyes are well adapted for acute vision amid their dull watery abodes; and no less acute are their hearing powers. For, although destitute of outer ears, they yet possess well developed internal organs of hearing. The sense of touch may be subserved by the muscular arms and their suckers, which may be made, as we know, to move with great rapidity, and in all conceivable directions. And as to the "emotions" of our Cuttles, strange as it may be thought, their feelings of anger and of pleasure may be tolerably easily guessed at by watching, as in the human subject, the play of colors on their skin. Not only does our cuttle-fish blush, but he may literally blush almost any hue he pleases; this property of changing color residing in the little color-cells that lie beneath the delicate transparent outer skin. By altering the position of these cells, various and rapidly-changing hues of color are produced; and the famous kaleidoscopic power of the chameleon is, in truth, thrown completely into the shade by the talents, in this respect, of the lower Cuttles.

Besides certain members of the Cuttle-fish group becoming immensely developed in size over their ordinary neighbors, and appearing as veritable giants of their race, these animals possess another point of remarkable interest. Stories of gigantic Cuttle-fishes, as every classical scholar knows, are frequently to be met with in the records of the ancient naturalists. Indeed there are very few maratime countries in which, under some legendary name or other, the histories of giant members of this group may not be met with. The "Polypus" of the ancients, the "Kraven" of the Skandinavians, the "Pieuvre" of the Channel Isles, and the "Devil-fish" of Victor Hugo, are all so many names expressive of a belief in giant Cuttles, the powers of which, as may be guessed, are never understated in any of the stories or legends referred to. Until very recent times, naturalists were inclined to be skeptical regarding the truth or probability of such stories. Stray examples undoubtedly had occurred now and then, of fragmentary portions of what must have been at any rate exceptionally large cuttles, being found. But it was often difficult, or even quite impossible, to separate the grains of truth which might be contained in any tale, from the copious husks and chaff with which the fertility of human imagination, together with the natural lapse of time and frequent repetition, invariably tend to surround the original germ or incident.

In Captain Cook's first voyage, however, the remains of a giant cuttle were found; and parts of this specimen, preserved in the Hunterian Collection of the London College of Surgeons, show that its total length must have exceeded six feet. A very large specimen was met with in 1861 between Teneriffe and Madeira by the French corvette *Alecton*, the length of this specimen being estimated at about fifty feet. But more lately still, the carcases of several very large Cuttle-fishes have been met with off the coasts of Newfoundland; and a photograph representing the head and tenacles of one of these specimens now lies before us. The tenacles or arms were ten in number in this case. Two were elongated, as in the Squids, these measuring twenty-four feet in length. The eight shorter arms each measured six feet in length, and ten inches in circumference at their bases, where they joined the head. The ten arms were provided with about eleven hundred suckers; and the eyes measured each four inches across.

The question which at once presents itself to naturalists for consideration on inspecting such a form, is, whether or not it constitutes a new species, or is merely a giant member of an already known one? For ourselves, we should hesitate to construct a new species without satisfactory evidence of more marked deviation from any type than that afforded by mere life—always a delusive test with regard to animal structures. But the mere occurrence of these monsters is in any case of exceeding interest, as opening up a new field for discovery, which may in time tend to throw light even on the great "sea-serpent" mystery itself. Why, if giant cuttles really exist, may not giant snakes also exist—largely developed individiuals of one or more of the numerous species of sea-snakes known to exist in warm seas? Zoology at least offers no objection to the latter hypothesis. And after all, in cuttle-fish history, as in most other things, the truth is certainly stranger than the fiction.

LABOR.—It is to labor, and to labor only, that man owes everything possessed of exchangeable value. Labor is the talisman that has raised him from the condition of the savage; that has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities, and the ocean with ships; that has given us plenty, comfort and elegance, instead of want, misery and barbarism.

MY SWEETHEART COMES ALONG.

BY CHARLES E. LARNED.

I.

The sky is blue,
The sun aglow,
And my sweetheart comes along,
Dancing and singing a happy song.
The ground is green,
And she its queen—
Comes flying her nut-brown hair,
Singing and laughing, O, so fair!
Her voice ringing like bells in air,
Falling as some golden beam
On my soul to make it dream
Of lips and eyes bewitching!
The roses red,
Her soft feet tread—
Dancing in joy, I know, to me—
I who love her lovingly!

II.

Dark grows the blue
Of the sunshine's glow,
And my sweetheart danced along,
While far, O, far I heard her song!
The world is green,
But I've lost its queen;
For she, my sweetheart, 's like the air,
Free from love, but, O, so fair—
Free and light as her nut-brown hair!
'Twas but Youth's wild foolish dream,
A vision gone, like a golden beam,
A ray of joy bewitching!
The roses red
Still feel her tread,
But my sweetheart laughed at me—
I who loved her lovingly!

III.

The sky is blue,
The sun aglow,
And my sweetheart danced along,
But soon found I her dancing song!
Lying on the green
By my queen,
I play my fingers in her hair,
And whisper to her she is fair,
While Love flies over in the air;
Like an angel, in an angel's dream,
Lays her cheek, a soft sun-beam,
On my breast bewitching!
The roses red,
In her pretty head,
Are the lips that now love—
I who love her lovingly!

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN OPEN VERDICT.

The claims of the business had kept Judith Haggard away from the prayer-meeting at Little Bethel. She now came out to the door, surprised and alarmed by the appearance of the eager assembly at her brother's heels—still more alarmed by Noami's pallid face, as the girl led her father into the dimly lighted passage.

"Why, what in mercy's name is the matter, girl?" cried Judith. "Has your father had a stroke, that you hold him like that, as if he couldn't stand without your help? and what brings all the town after him?"

Joshua's fixed eyes and rigid countenance—awfully calm, with a blankness of expression which was like death itself—might have justified the idea that he had lately been struck down by some mortal illness, and was but just emerged from a state of helpless unconsciousness.

"No, Judith," he answered, with something of his old firmness; "the visitation is not such as you think, and yet the hand of God is heavy upon me. A calamity has befallen me which you could never have foreseen, bringing shame upon my name and race, making all the days that I have lived here in honor of no avail. Arnold Pentreath has found his brother's body, and accuses me of being his murderer."

"You!" shrieked Judith, "you a murderer!—you murder the young Squire, when you were all but drowned in the work of saving his worthless life! If Arnold Pentreath can bring that charge against you, he is a worse man than I should have thought him, knowing the badness of his blood as I do, and expecting as little as I do from any of his worthless race."

"He has so accused me."

"But why? On what grounds? Why suppose that his brother was murdered?"

"His body has been found—in the old shaft."

"His body has been found—but that doesn't prove that he was murdered. He may have fallen into the shaft."

"Spare us your arguments to-night," said Joshua, with a weary air. "We shall know to-morrow. I am tired and sick at heart, and want rest. I am in God's hands, and he will deal with me as seemeth best to him. Yes, in the hands of God—not in the hands of men."

He left them without another word, and went slowly up stairs to his own room. The crowd had withdrawn quietely by this time, some hastening back to the spot where they had left Arnold and his ghastly burden—others dropping in at The First and Last to discuss the event that had convulsed their peaceful settlement. All were of one mind about Joshua Haggard, and agreed that the accusation brought against him was as wild and foolish as it was infamous.

"I allus said it 'ud be so," growled old Jabez Long, the fisherman, from his favorite seat in the chimney-corner, where he hung over the smouldering logs even at midsummer. "I allus said harm 'ud come of pullin' you puir chap out o' the say. There's never no good comes o'savin' a drownding man. Chuck un back into the water; that's wisdom—t'other's foolishness. Why, ye see this yere chap can't bide quiet in his grave he's done Joshua Haggard a injury. He rises up agen his deliverer like the onclane sperits that come out o' the tombs."

There was an inquest held next day in the long, low-ceiled justice-room at the First and Last. The body of Oswald Pentreath lay at the Grange, and there awaited the visitation of coroner and jury. It lay in the long, white drawing-room—that stately saloon which, in its air of disuse and solitude, had always something of the look of death. Here to-day lay the master of the house—in the dress he had worn when he left it—a ghastly form, only recognizable by the garments that clothed it, and the color of the soft, golden-brown hair. A pocket-book stuffed with bank-notes, and the old Squire's watch and seals, had been found upon the body—a proof that the assassin's motive had not been plunder.

Brief was the visitation of the jury to that awful chamber. They had heard the evidence of Arnold Pentreath, and the farm-laborers who had assisted in the finding of the body. The search had been long and careful. Guided by the statement of Farmer Westall's cow-boys. Arnold had gone straight to the old shaft. He had first searched the ground near the pit, and a few yards from the engine-house, under a furze-bush, he had found one of his brother's pistols discharged. The second pistol had been nowhere forthcoming. Then, by means of ropes and ladders, and with due precaution against the effect of noxious gases in the disused mine, Arnold and two of the men had gone down the shaft. Their quest was soon ended. Oswald Pentreath lay at the bottom of the shaft, with a bullet through his heart. To bring the body out of the mine was a labor of no small difficulty; but time, the men's sturdy willingness to help, and Arnold's inexhaustible energy, conquered all obstacles; and by the time the earliest star was shining in the calm evening sky, Captain Pentreath was alone in the engine-house, keeping guard over his unburied dead, while the men went to the farm-house to fetch a litter on which to carry the corpse to the Grange.

That dismal walk through wood and lane had taken a long time. The church-clock was striking ten as the procession entered the straggling village street. The windows of Little Bethel shone dimly, and Joshua's voice was raised in vehement exhortation.

It was the sound of that voice—the impulse of a moment—which led Arnold to enter the chapel, and denounce the man of whose guilt he had no shadow of doubt.

Old Nicholas, the butler, had been one of the witnesses called to identify the body of his old master. He remembered the clothes Oswald Pentreath wore that last day, and he had helped him to put on that coat, and he could swear to the pistol that had been found under the furze-bush. He insisted upon telling the whole story of his master's departure, and his own fears and wonderment when the trunks were brought back from Exeter. The Combhollow coroner was a patient gentleman, accustomed to a long-tongued race, and listened quietly to the butler's statement. Here was a mystery to be unraveled, and there was no knowing where the first gleam of light might come.

But when Arnold's evidence took the form of an accusation against Joshua Haggard, the coroner stopped him peremptorily.

"I cannot listen to any such speculations, Mr. Pentreath, to the discredit of a man in Mr. Haggard's position."

"They are no speculations," answered Arnold, hotly; "they are convictions. Hear what the next witness has to say, and then you will see what reason I have for accusing Joshua Haggard of my brother's murder—though you can never know all the ground I have for certainty—the looks, the words by which that assassin has betrayed his guilt. Why, I ought to have known it the first time he talked to me of my brother! It was clear enough, if I had had eyes to see or a mind to understand."

The coroner protested against the irrelevance of such assertions; and then Timothy, the cow-boy, was called, and told over the story again of that August afternoon on which he had seen Joshua Haggard go up to Matcherly Common.

That picture of the man standing by the door of the engine-house as if watching for some one impressed and puzzled the jury; but it could not shake them in their conviction that Joshua Haggard was a good man—a man who had taught and reproved them for many years, and who had always dealt honorably with them in temporal matters—a man whose weights were true as the sun-dial on the church-tower, and whose goods were of the best quality. That such a man could commit a base and cowardly crime savored of impossibility. Witchcraft alone could account for such a monstrous thing.

"He couldn't ha' done it unless he wur bewitched," said one of the deliberants when the jury took counsel together.

"Who knows if that young wife of his didn't bewitch him?" argued another. "There's many 'as marked a change in him from the time she came among us. His thoughts seemed to be roving like, half his time; and he stared at you, skeared like, if you spoke to him sudden, and he got careless about his business. You never found him behind his counter."

"Joshua Haggard is not the man to hurt a wurrum," said a third juryman. "He used to come and sit beside my poor old missus when she was down with her last illness, and read to her by the hour together, and she looked up to him as if he'd been a saint. I'll agree to no verdick that throws any blame on Muster Haggard."

"Who wants to bring a verdick agen Muster Haggard? But we mun come to some sort of verdick, maunt we?"

"Make it accidental death, can't 'ee?"

"But he couldn't a got throwd down the shaft by accident."

"He might have fell in, mightn't he?"

"Ah! but who was it shot him?"

"He might ha' shot hisself fust, and just had strength enough left to throw hisself down the old shaft."

"The discussion waxed warm after this, but the jurymen finally agreed that Oswald Pentreath had been murdered by some person or persons unknown.

Arnold went to the coroner directly after the inquest was over, and asked for a warrant to arrest Joshua Haggard.

"My dear sir, it is quite out of the question. There is no evidence upon which I can issue a warrant."

"Not the fact that the man was seen there, hiding in the engine-house, waiting for my unhappy brother. Is that no evidence?" cried Arnold, indignantly.

"There is no evidence that he was hiding; there is no evidence that he was waiting for your brother. The mere fact of his being seen at that place a short time before the firing of the shots amounts to nothing, even if we could be sure those shots the cow-boy heard were the shots that killed your brother. Joshua Haggard is a mystic, a fanatic; a man who spends half his life wandering in solitary places. I have often met him on the hills and commons. There is nothing strange in the fact of his being seen up yonder on that day. Then, again, there is an absence of all motive."

"I beg your pardon," said Arnold, eagerly. "There was a motive, and a strong one; but there are reasons why I could not speak of this motive just now in open court. It involves error—though not actual guilt—on my brother's part."

He told the coroner the story of Oswald's attachment to Mrs. Haggard, and the meeting between them that afternoon.

"We have no evidence that Mr. Haggard knew of that meeting," said Mr. Penruddock, who was much disinclined to make himself odious to all chapel-going people by an unwise arrest of Joshua Haggard.

"We have the evidence of his presence at that spot—at that hour."

Arnold argued the matter, but in vain, and left Mr. Penruddock, of Wrinkle Close, with the idea that a rustic coroner was the most inept and useless of officials.

Once more Naomi heard the old church-bell tolling dismally in the afternoon sunlight. Again she saw the funeral train wind slowly round the curve of the hill, the same wind-tossed plumes—for even in this June weather the breeze blew fresh from the western sea—the same solemn figures and black horses, and poor pomps and vanities of earthly pride; and this time she turned from the shrouded window with the heart-sickness of despair, and cast herself upon the ground, and tried to shut out the light of day, and prayed for death as the one issue and release from her miseries.

They were carrying him to his father's grave—her murdered lover—slain by her father's cruel hand, and slain at her prompting. Had she never put that fatal letter in her father's hand, this thing would never have been. Oswald would have gone his way in peace to a new world and repentance perchance, and quiet days, and Joshua Haggard would have known nothing of that stolen farewell.

"Half the guilt is mine," she cried; "let me bear all the punishment! God be merciful to my misguided father, maddened by jealousy and wounded love. O God, charge not against him his sin that day!"

She had not been alone with her father since that night in the chapel. They had sat at the same board, and she had looked in his face, which told no story of fear or agitation. He had gone about his business with quiet regularity; taught in his school, visited the sick, read and exhorted as of old—yes, even while the inquest was being held at The First and Last, and all his flock were in a state of the wildest emotion on their pastor's behalf. There had been a crowd of Joshua's people about the door of the justice-room, a crowd that gave vent to its indignation in a half-smothered way as Arnold Pentreath went in and out of the court. The feeling that their pastor was being prosecuted for his faith was strong among them. The accusation of Arnold's was too wild to be believed even by the accuser. It was a lying invention of Satan, designed to put this faithful flock to shame. This feeling pervaded the village, and wherever the minister went he received some new proof of his popularity. Women ran out of their cottage-doors as he passed by, and clasped him by the hand, and offered him their sympathy in this great trial. He shrunk somewhat from these demonstrations of feeling. "Let me bear my own burden," he said. "It is not too heavy for me."

And then, when he was alone, he clasped his hands in prayer, and cried, "O Lord, reward these people for their affection and their trustfulness, for I can only bring shame upon them. I have built up a temple to thy honor, and pulled it down, and abused and ruined thy holy place with mine own hands. I have given thee half my heart, and sold the other half to the devil. Let these people, whom I have loved and taught suffer no loss because of my iniquity. Let their faith endure steadfast to the end, though my life proves a lie."

Never had there been such a funeral as that of the young Squire of Pentreath Grange. The old churchyard was filled with all the inhabitants of Combhollow, and a crowd of strangers from outlying hamlets among the hills and tiny fishing-villages along the rocky coast. This God's-acre lay on the side of a hill, and was a place of ups and downs, beautified by many a fuchsia-shaded tomb, and by myrtles that had grown into trees—a sheltered and pleasant spot, hidden from the sight of the sea, but not so remote that the murmur of the waves might not serve as a lullaby for quiet sleepers under the ferny turf.

Arnold Pentreath stood by the open vault, pale and haggard, and with a countenance which grief had made rigid as marble. He was quite alone in his place by the coffin—chief and only mourner. There was some sympathy felt with him, yet less than would have been given but for that accusation brought against Joshua Haggard. This the Little Bethelites could not pardon. False and monstrous as the charge was, it had inflicted disgrace upon their sect. It was a fact that would be remembered and recorded against them in days to come—a dark tradition, to be magnified and distorted by their enemies.

The last ceremonial completed—and oh, how brief and hasty a business it seems to the mourner who feels that this is the last!—the coffin placed in its stony niche, for worms to invade and toads to squat upon, and damp and mildew to disfigure—a place of decay and loathsomeness for evermore—Arnold walked slowly away from the churchyard, sick at heart, loathing the faces of his fellow-men. He would not go back to the lych-gate where the coach was waiting for him—would not be shut up again in the Barnstaple undertaker's musty chariot, to hide his grief behind a cambric handkerchief, and so be conveyed slowly along the straggling village street, the principal feature and object of interest for the assembled multitude. He left the churchyard by another that led up to the hills—the wild, lonely hills, where he could hug his sorrow, and be alone with baffled vengeance and his passionate grief.

That was the sting—to know his brother's murderer, to have no shadow of doubt as to the assassin, and to be powerless to strike. Conscience had its scorpions, no doubt, and Heaven held in reserve its lash for the hypocrite and murderer; but this was not enough for the brother who had loved his brother. Human nature, in its weakness and narrowness of vision, yearned for personal vengeance. Arnold wanted to bring this man to the gallows—to be the instrument of his direct and immediate punishment. Nothing less could satisfy his wounded love. His brother's ashes cried to him for vengeance.

One consideration only came between him and this hunger for swift revenge. He remembered that appealing look of Naomi's. His Naomi—his most noble among women—the woman he had hoped to win in days to come—the woman he had pictured in the fair future sitting at his board, ruling his household, making his life sweet and honorable for him.

Could he ever hope to win her now? In his own mind, he dissociated her altogether from her father's guilt. She was no less pure in his eyes because her father's hands were stained with blood. He was, even in his direst anger, willing to believe that Joshua's crime had been an act of jealous madness, and not the deliberate guilt of a criminal nature.

He could understand now why Naomi had forbidden him to hope, while her looks and tones told him he was dear to her. She had known or suspected her father's guilt. This would account for that deep melancholy which no hopeful utterances of his could dispel.

And if he brought Joshua Haggard to the gallows, what then? Was it not to destroy utterly the woman he so reverenced, the woman he fondly loved? Could Naomi survive so deep a shame, so deadly an agony? or, surviving it, could she have any feeling but hatred for the man who had brought shame and suffering upon her? He remembered that agonized appeal in the chapel—

"Arnold, what are you doing?"

And he had answered her coldly; though that answer meant the destruction of those new hopes which had been so dear to him. He knew her well enough to be very sure that she would cling to her father till death; stand beside him on the gallows, were it possible, and be true to him after death. To hunt Joshua to his doom, as he meant to hunt him, must be to lose Naomi forever.

"Be it so," he cried. "What is my happiness, or her peace, that I should put it in the balance with my brother's blood? I have one duty to perform—clear, direct, inexorable. Let me do that, and then go back to the old rough life at sea, and forget that I ever dreamed of being happy on shore."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TREASURES.—If a young person will begin, and persevere in the practice of learning by heart, say four lines of good poetry every day, there will be laid up, in the treasure-house of memory, fourteen hundred and sixty lines in a year. So of facts, and various kinds of information. All great things are done little by little. Atoms make worlds. The greatest fortunes consist of farthings. Life is made up of moments—and a succession of well-spent moments makes a well-spent life.

CENTENNIAL TRAVEL.

The following facts and official estimates, given by the authorities of the steam and horse railways, and other means of transportation to and from the Centennial will be received with interest:

The work done by the Pennsylvania Railroad has been so large that it is impossible to give at this early date any details, but the figures for the transportation of passengers to and from the Centennial Depot alone will aggregate at least four millions. The regularity of the arrival and departure of trains, the systematic method and celerity with which passengers have been deposited and taken away, have been the occasion of most favorable notice on the part of all foreign correspondents, who have not hesitated to hold up this road as an example for European railroads to take advantage of. In addition to the large number referred to above, who arrived at the the Centennial depot, it most be borne in mind that a very large number of Centennial visitors arrived at their depots, at West Philadelphia, Kensington and Camden, which at a rough estimate would be computed at one million additional, thus making in round numbers, a total of five million persons received and taken away from the city of Philadelphia, in a period of six months time. The largest number on any one day, arriving at the Centennial depot, was on the 19th of October, when 33,919 were safely deposited within a few hours time. On October 20, there were 32,903 and on September 28, 31,563. The result of this great work has been eminently satisfactory, and the management of the road have much reason for congratulation.

The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad having a depot on the grounds, has had not only a popular section of the State to draw from, but also through its local city lines a large district from which it secured its daily travel. The following indicates the passenger traffic by this road to and from the Exhibition up to November 1:

May, 1876 - -	169,256	August, - -	368,970
June, - - -	307,381	September, -	801,812
July - - - -	305,081	October, - -	810,000
		Total, - - - -	2,763,069

The largest number, on September 28, Pennsylvania Day, was 185,800. It is much to the credit of the Reading Railroad that all of this business has been done and this large body of visitors moved to and from without the occurrence of a single accident.

The large extent of the grounds occupied by the Exhibition and the distance of one building from the other, rendered it necessary to secure some convenient method of transportation, and the result was the adoption of the narrow-guage system. The track was laid as to conveniently reach all of the buildings, and with the sidings a little less than seven miles in length. The success of this road is shown by the following statistics: The number of daily trains were 8, each train making 14 trips per day, and the number of persons carried was as follows:

May 15 to 31, -	125,363	August, - -	589,334
June - - - -	305,704	September,	1,084,463
July - - - -	460,549	October, -	1,046,718
		Total to November 1.	3,784,142

The largest number was carried on September 28, Pennsylvania Day, viz., 68,278.—*Philadelphia Times.*

OMNIBUS HORSES IN PARIS.

The omnibus horses of Paris are almost invariably animals of exceptional size and beauty, strong white and dapple-gray stallions, selected with great care in the market of Normandy, Perche or Brittainy. They are well fed, carefully trained and never over-worked. Each omnibus has ten horses belonging to it. These ten horses go out every day; thus, during the fourteen hours' service, the horses are changed five times. Being thus carefully managed, their strength and speed endure during long years of service. It is not uncommon to see horses that have been in the service of the company for fifteen years, and they are still capable of going through their regular daily task. Great care is taken not to overstrain their strength. At the foot of each of the hills that diversify the surface of the streets of Paris (there are thirty-one of these hills) an extra horse is always in waiting to aid in dragging the heavy vehicle up the ascent. Nor is the moral side, so to speak, of the horses' training neglected. The pairs, once formed, are never separated, save in cases of accident or sickness; they occupy the same stall and feed from the same manger divided by a partition into two compartments. They thus become almost a unit in gait, movements and impulses, and being always driven by the same coachman, they get to understand perfectly his words and motions. By this system the intelligence and docility of these beautiful and powerful animals have become almost proverbial. The ease with which they thread their way through crowded streets, unencumbered with vehicles, thronged with foot passengers, and in many instances scarce wider than one of our narrow alleys, and the readiness with which they stop at a word, and at another start again, are simply marvelous. Next to the petted carriage horses of the rich, the omnibus horses of Paris are certainly among the most favored of the equine tribe.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Hydrophobia (fear of water) is supposed to have been recognised by the earliest writers. Homer is believed to have alluded to it in his description of the indiscriminate havoc with which Hector sweeps through the battle-field of his enemies. Aristotle not only described the disease, but states that it is communicable to all animals but man. Many other ancient writers allude to it. The first scientific report was made on an outbreak of the disease among wolves, in Franconia; in 1271. In this case, the rabid animals spared the herds and flocks, and attacked shepherds and followed human beings into towns. There are many instances of its prevalence since—namely: In 1500, in Spain, among dogs; in 1604, in Paris; in France and Germany, 1719-21; in Hungary, 1722-3; London, 1760; Philadelphia, 1779; in various parts of Europe, 1785-9. At this latter date, it was again noticed that wolves communicated the disease to dogs. In 1803, foxes were first discovered suffering from hydrophobia in various parts of Europe, and subsequently they caused fearful ravages; though naturally shy they followed men, cattle, and dogs, in the day, and bit them whenever it was possible. In 1806 the disease was so prevalent in London that a physician states that he often saw three or four patients suffering from it daily for weeks together. In 1810, it was epidemic in Ohio among foxes, wolves, and dogs, and other domestic animals. From 1819 to 1826, there were frequent outbreaks of hydrophobia among the foxes of Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Germany, and they communicated the malady to dogs, cats, horned cattle, horses, pigs, goats, and sheep. Since 1830, it has been much more prevalent on the Continent than in Great Britain, owing to the stringent laws of the latter country against vagrant dogs. In the United States, the malady frequently breaks out and spreads like an epidemic, exciting wide-spread alarm.

NEWS NOTES.

OUR cotton crop is estimated at 4,225,000 bales this year.

TEN thousand Californians expect to leave for the Black Hills next year.

AN agent for a hundred Chicago families is prospecting Florida for a settlement.

THERE are this year 1,300 names on the roll of students in the School of Fine Arts in Paris.

THERE is to be an international industrial exhibition at Sydney, Australia, during April and May next.

THE Count of Paris has sent $50 to the Southern Historical Society of Richmond, Va., with a request for a certificate of life membership.

SPIRITUALISTS in Texas are required to take out a showman's license before the authorities will allow them to appear upon a stage and lecture.

VIRGINIA tobacco has been greatly damaged by a black worm, and a reward is offered for the discovery of something that will prevent its ravages.

THERE are ten Israelitish congregations in California, five in San Francisco, where it is estimated that the Hebrew population numbers 18,000 inhabitants.

ANOTHER railroad is proposed between Chicago and St. Louis, to be half-way between the Chicago and Alton and Illinois Central, and to be several miles shorter than either of them.

THE *Times'* despatch from Berlin says Russian papers abound in warlike reports. It is rumored that Russia is likely to obtain in Holland advances of money upon a large amount of railway shares.

THE Central Pacific Road's annual report shows an earning last year from passengers, of $5,509,000; from freight, $9,056,000; miscellaneous, $1,100,000; total, $17,021,000, less operating expenses, $9,603,000; net income of year, $7,418,000, increased income, $1,500,000.

IT is announced that the Spanish Government has decided to take some steps towards placing its navy on a more efficient footing. A squadron, comprising all available iron clads, is at once to be prepared, and its first duty will be to act as a coast-guard squadron.

SATANTA, the noted Kiowa chief, who is under sentence of imprisonment for life in the penitentiary at Huntsville, Texas, the other day attempted to commit suicide by hanging himself to a beam with a small rope. He was discovered and cut down just before life was extinct.

A DESPATCH from Calcutta to the London *Times* says that 20,000 persons perished in the cyclone of October 31, and some estimates place the loss of lives as high as 40,000. In the town of Barrishol, capital of the Backergunge District, 3,000 houses were leveled with the earth.

IT is believed that the number of unemployed mechanics in Boston at the present time is not so large as was the number one year ago. There is not so many buildings in the process of erection, but many mechanics have left that city, and their absence makes it better for those who remain.

THE Egyptian Minister of Finance endeavored to originate a plot against the Khedive by representing to the people that the Khedive, by accepting the reforms advocated by Mr. Goshen, was selling the country to the Christians. He was exiled to Dongola, and died while being escorted thither. A despatch ascribes his death to excessive drinking.

THE Vienna correspondent of the *Times* confirms the report that mobilization of the Russian army will be ordered in a few days. He adds that Russia will send a note to the Powers which, it is said, will explain that, as all the Powers have agreed about the reforms which are to be demanded of Turkey. Russia thinks their fulfillment only possible if she prepares to defend them.

A HIGHWAYMAN was shot by one of Wells, Fargo & Co's express messengers, near Shasta, California, a few days ago. The fellow had stopped a stage, covered the messenger with his rifle, and demanded the treasure box, which was given up. After the stage got out of sight of the robber the messenger jumped off, ran back to the spot, and, surprising the robber while engaged in taking the money from the box, shot him dead and recovered the treasure. The messenger's name was McNemer.

ONE of the most eccentric performances in which a locomotive has been known to indulge, in this Centennial year, was that of the locomotive at Jersey City, the other day, which forgot to stop when it entered the depot, but went crushing through the building and plunged into the river to the discomfiture of the ferry boats and of the passengers. Nobody but the engineer was hurt, and he has not yet explained the excessive zeal of his engine. It is a matter of considerable interest to travelers to know that the train was not provided with the air-brake. We should give up all confidence in railroads if that invention should go back on us in this way.

A CLERK in the Treasury Department, a native of New York, went home some days ago, to register. He bought his ticket, which was limited as to the time which it was to be good, at a reduced rate, and on the evening of the day on which it expired, left New York city for Washington. The proper coupons were taken up between New York and Baltimore, until it had but one remaining—that which was to take him from Baltimore to Washington. The conductor between those points did not call for the ticket until early next morning, when the train was within four or five miles of Washington, and then declined to receive it, on the ground that it had expired at midnight. The holder of the ticket refused to pay, and was forcibly ejected from the train. He now brings suit for $300 damages, and the impression is that he will recover. The decision in the case will be looked for with interest.

OVER 400 lodges of hostile Indians, belonging to the Missouri river agencies, surrendered to Colonel Miles on the 5th instant, at a point on the Yellowstone, opposite Cabin creek, giving five of the principal chiefs and head men as hostages for the delivery of arms, ponies, men, women and children at the Cheyenne agency, on December 2, 1876. Sitting Bull, with his small band of thirty lodges, escaped, going in the direction of the Dry Forks of the Missouri river, Colonel Miles in pursuit. He attacked the Indians north of the Yellowstone, on the 21st of October, driving them out of their camps, killing five. The Indians fled towards the Yellowstone, Colonel Miles pursuing until the 27th, when the surrender above described took place. General Crook and Colonel Mackenzie left Fetterman afterwards to hunt by the Northern Cheyennes and Crazy Horse's band of Ogallallas, from Red Cloud Agency, and if successful, which is not doubted, the Sioux war and all other Indian wars of any magnitude in this country will be at an end forever.

REVIEWS.

DANIEL DERONDA, by George Eliot, Harper & Brothers. It leads over old pathways, as old as the hopes, purposes and emotions of men, but as it leads, opens the eyes to such significance in life as but few perceive unaided. As the skilled naturalist reveals to his pupil from familiar and commonplace objects the wonderful methods and forces of nature, so the hidden workings of the inner life are here clearly shown, from a life not greatly exceptional in its happenings. Thus every reader finds his own life made transparent, is pitilessly shown his weaknesses, but is gently, yet firmly led to better life. The highest purposes of fiction are fulfilled in this as in the other works of this well known author. The imagination, the strongest motive force in the soul, is enlisted in the great work of life, to lead upward to the better way.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—From White, Smith & Co., Boston, Mass.,—Then You'll Remember Me—Little One Kiss Me Good-night—Poem of Love—Star Spangled Banner—Swell the Full Chorus—Better Here than There—Sounds from the Wayside Chapel—King John March, Faust—Spring Gentle Spring.

From White, Smith & Co., Boston, Mass. Watchman What of the Night? song by M. W. Whitney—100 Years, Galop de Concert, by H. Cadmus—Hark! the Voice of Jesus, sacred song by Chas. F. Hanson—Tell her so, song by J. L. Gilbert—A Song to Lay at the Feet of my Love, by Virginia Gabriel—Fantasie de Concert—Slumber Song—I'se Gwine in de Valley—Farewell, Oh, Farewell—Cradle Song—New Christmas Carols.

LIVING TOO FAST, by William T. Adams, (Oliver Optic) Lee & Shepard, Boston. The easy steps by which the road to ruin is travelled, is illustrated in the life of a bank clerk, who is led to the crime of heavy defalcation by too fast living. More fortunate, however, than most such cases, the culprit is rescued from utter ruin by faithful friends; a better ending than he deserved, as the world usually judges, but no better than might and ought to be with many a victim of weakness and temptation if only the friends would show their interest in the right way.

DAISY TRAVERS, by A. F. Samuels, Lee & Shepard, Boston. An entertaining juvenile, in which the ways of young people are drawn in a lively style, as illustrated by the twenty-five inmates of a charitable home, provided by a wealthy and benevolent old gentleman. The power of kindness in triumphing over ignorant and neglected wilfulness, is well exhibited. This will be a pleasant holiday gift-book for a young girl.

FLAXIE FRIZZLE, by Sophie May, Lee & Shepard, Boston. A charming little story of the sayings and doings of one of the troublesome little pets that afflict and enliven many a household. The children will all love to read the quaint speeches of Flaxie, and parents will smile as they recognize the faithful portraiture of the little irrepressible.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED. — *Harper's Monthly, Scribner's Monthly, Appleton's Journal, Potter's American Monthly.* With these, and a cheerful fire, long winter evenings may be disposed of in a very summery manner.

THE METALS IN OLDEN TIMES.

It has sometimes been questioned whether the Egyptians had a knowledge of steel. It seems unreasonable to deny them this knowledge. Iron was known at the earliest time of which we have any record. It is often mentioned in the Bible and in Homer; it is shown in the early paintings on the walls of the tombs at Thebes, where butchers are represented as sharpening their knives on pieces of metal colored blue, which were most probably pieces of steel. Iron has been found in quantity in the ruined palaces of Assyria; and in the inscriptions of that country fetters are spoken of as having been made of iron, which is also mentioned in connection with other metals as to lead to the supposition that it was regarded as a base and common metal. Moreover, in the Great Pyramid, a piece of iron was found in a place where it must have lain for 5000 years. The tendency of iron to oxidize must render its preservation for any long period rare and exceptional. The quality of iron which is now made by the races of Africa and India is that which is known as wrought iron; in ancient times, Dr. Percy says the iron which was made was always wrought iron. It is very nearly pure iron, and a very small addition of carbon would convert it into steel. Dr. Percy says the extraction of good malleable iron directly from the ore "requires a degree of skill very far inferior to that which is implied in the manufacture of bronze." And there is no great secret in making steel; the natives of India now make excellent steel in the most primitive way, which they have practiced from time immemorial. The supply of iron in India as early as the fourth and fifth centuries seems to have been unlimited. The iron pillar of Delhi is a remarkable work for such an early period. It is a single piece of wrought iron fifty feet in length, and it weighs not less than seventeen tons. How the Indians forged this large mass of iron and other heavy pieces which their distrust of the arch led them to use in the construction of roofs, we do not not know. In the temples of Orissa iron was used in large masses as beams or girders in roof-work in the thirteenth century. The art of extracting metals from the ore was practised at a very early date in Great Britian. The existence long ago of tin mines in Cornwall, which are so often spoken of by classical writers, is well known by all. That iron was also extracted from the ore by the ancient Britons is most probable, and it was largely used for many purposes by them before the Roman conquest. The Romans worked out iron extensively in the Weald of Kent, as we assume from the large heaps of slab containg Roman coins which still remain there. The Romans always availed themselves of the mineral wealth of the countries which they conquered, and their mining operations were often carried out on the largest scale, as in Spain for instance, where as many as forty thousand miners were regularly employed in the mines at Ner Carthage. Coal which was used for ordinary purposes in England as early as the ninth century does not appear to have been largely used for iron smelting until the eighteenth century, though a patent was granted for smelting iron with coal in the year 1611. The use of charcoal for that purpose was not given up until the beginning of this century, since which period an enormous increase in the mining and metallurgical industries has taken place; the quantity of coal raised in the United Kingdom in 1873 having amounted to one hundred and twenty-seven tons, and the quantity of pig-iron to upwards of six and half million tons.

COSTIVENESS, OR ANY BILIOUS SYMPTOMS, are removed effectually by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills.

FORGET AND FORGIVE.

BY H. F.

Forget; for why remember
The wrongs of yesterday?
Perchance kind words were spoken
To heal the breach to-day;
Then let the past forever be
A blank leaf in thy memory.

Forget the Old Year's failings,
The New will have its share;
Each one will find that haply
He hath enough to bear
Without the memory of the wrong
That to the Old Year doth belong.

"Let bygones be bygones"—for why
Should thoughts that gender strife
Be nourish'd in our bosoms—
That but embitter life,
And fill this world, that else were fair,
With scenes of sorrow, strife, and care?

Forgive; for why should we withhold
The blessing that we need,
Or let an erring brother
In vain for mercy plead?
Oh! cold must be the hearts, and rare,
That could reject the suppliant prayer!

Forgive; let old affections
Be stirr'd within the heart,
Producing kindly feelings,
That light and warmth impart,
And make our onward course less sad,
By making home-firesides more glad.

Forgive; for Time's swift pinions
Are bearing us along,
And few may be our moments
To do or suffer wrong;
Then let us, while the power is given,
Forgive, as we would be forgiven!

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[This story was commenced in No. 12, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XIII.

WILL OF MISTRESS ANN ATKINSON.

Frank never gave the slightest intimation that he had come from Trennach for any purpose, save that of seeing them. But at night, when bedtime came and Mrs. Raynor went upstairs, leaving the Major, as usual, to finish his glass and pipe, Frank drew his chair up as though he meant to stay too.

"You can go without me, Charley, or remain; just as you like. I want to say a few words to my uncle."

He then disclosed the real purport of his visit—namely, the ascertaining from Major Raynor what was the amount of money coming to him under Mrs. Atkinson's will. Explaining at the same time why he wished to ascertain this: his intention to get into practice in London, and his ideas for accomplishing it. Just as he had explained the matter to Dr. Raynor at Trennach, the previous night.

"You see, Uncle Francis, it is time I was getting a start in life," he urged. "I am midway between twenty and thirty. I don't care to remain an assistant-surgeon longer."

"Of course you don't," said the Major, gently puffing away. "Help yourself, Frank."

"Not any more, thank you, uncle. And so, as the first preliminary step, I want you to tell me, if you have no objection, what the sum is that Aunt Ann has put me down for."

"Can't recollect a bit, Frank."

"But—don't you think this idea of mine is a good one?—the getting some well-established man to take me in on the strength of this money?" asked Frank, eagerly. "I cannot see any other chance of setting up."

"It's a capital idea," said the Major, taking a good draught of whiskey-and-water.

"Well, then, Uncle Francis, I hope you will not object to tell me what the amount is."

"My boy, I'd tell you at once if I knew it. I don't recollect it the least in the world."

"Not recollect it!" exclaimed Frank.

"No, I don't."

It was a check for Frank. His good-natured face looked rather blank. Charley, who had chosen to remain, sat nursing his knee and listening.

"Could you not recollect it if you tried, uncle?"

"I am trying," said the Major. "My thoughts are back in the matter now. Let me see—what were the terms of the will? I know I had Eagles' Nest; and—yes—I think I am right—I was also named residuary legatee. Yes, I was. That much I do remember."

Frank's face broke into smiles. "It would be strange if you forgot *that*, uncle. Try and remember some more."

"Let me see," repeated the Major, passing his unoccupied hand over his bald head. "There were several legacies, I know; and I think—yes, I do think, Frank—your name stood first on the list of them. But, dash me, if I can recollect for how much."

"Was it for pounds, or hundreds, or thousands?" questioned Frank.

"That's what I can't tell. Hang it all! my memory's not worth a rush now. When folks get old, Frank, their memory fails them."

"I remember the words you said to me at the time, Uncle Francis: they were that I came in for a good slice."

"Did I? When?"

"When you came back from London, and were telling my aunt about the will. I was present; it was in this very room. 'You come in for a good slice, Frank,' you said, turning round to me."

"Did'nt I say how much?"

"No. And I did not much like to ask you. Of course you knew how much it was?"

"Of course I did. I read the will."

"I wish you could remember."

"I wish I could, Frank. I ought to. I'll sleep upon it, and perhaps it will come to me in the morning."

"Where is the will?" asked Charles, speaking for the first time. "Don't you hold it, papa?"

Major Raynor took his long pipe from his mouth, and turned the end towards an old-fashioned, imitation walnut bureau, that stood by the side of the fire-place. The upper part of it was his own, and was always kept locked; the lower part consisted of three drawers, which were used indiscriminately by Mrs. Raynor and the children.

"It's in there," said the Major. "I put it there when I brought it home, and I've never looked at it since."

As if the thought suddenly came to him to look at it then, he put his pipe in the fender, took a bunch of keys from his pocket and unlocked the bureau. It disclosed some pigeon-holes above, some small, shallow drawers beneath them, three on each side, and one deeper drawer in the middle. Selecting another key, he unlocked this last, pulled the drawer quite out, and put it on the table. Two sealed parchments lay within it.

"Ay, this is it," said the Major, selecting one of them. "See, here's the superscription: 'Will of Mistress Ann Atkinson.' And that is my own will," he added, nodding to the other. "See, Charley, you'll know where to find it in case of need. Not that any of you would be much the better for it, my lad, as things are at present. They will be different with us when Eagles' Nest comes in."

Frank had taken the packet from the Major's hand, and was looking at the seal: a large red seal, with an imposing impression.

"I suppose you would not like to open this will, uncle? Would it be wrong to do so?"

The Major shook his head, slowly but decisively. "I can't open it, Frank. Although I know its contents—at least, I did once know them—to open it would seem like a breach of confidence. Your Aunt Ann sealed the will herself in my presence, after I had read it. 'Don't let it be opened, Francis, until my death,' she said as she handed it to me. And so, you see, I should not like to do it."

"Of course not," readily spoke Frank, "I could not wish you to do so. Perhaps, uncle, you will, as you say, recollect more when you have slept upon it."

"Ay, perhaps so. I have an idea, mind you, Frank, that it was a very good slice; a substantial sum."

"What should you call substantial, asked Frank, with a smile.

"Two or three thousand pounds."

"I do hope it was!" returned Frank, his face beaming. "I could move the world with all that."

But the Major did not return the smile. Sundry experiences of his own were obtruding themselves on his memory.

"We are all apt to think so, my boy. But nobody knows, until they try it, how quickly a sum of ready money melts. While you are saying I'll do this with it, or I'll do that—hey, presto! it is gone. And you sit looking blankly at your empty hands, and wonder what you've spent it in."

Taking the drawer with the two wills in it, he put it back in its place, locking it and the bureau safely as before. And then he went up to bed to "sleep upon it," and try and get back his recollection as to an item that one of those wills contained.

Morning came. One of the same hot and glorious days that the few last had been; and the window was thrown open to the breakfast-table. The children, in their somewhat dilapidated attire, but with their fresh, fair, healthy faces and happy tempers, sat round it eating piles of bread and butter, and eggs ad libitum. Mrs. Raynor, in the same faded muslin gown that she had worn the day before, presided over a dish of sliced ham, while Alice poured out the coffee. It seemed natural to Mrs. Raynor that she should take the part, no matter at what, that gave her the least trouble; kind, loving, gentle, she always was, but very incapable.

The Major was not present. The Major liked to lie in bed rather late in a morning; which was not good for him. But for his indolent habits, he need not have been quite so stout. Frank Raynor glanced at the bureau, opposite to him as he sat, and wondered whether his uncle had recollected more about the one desired item of the will within it during his sleep.

"Has Uncle Francis had a good night, aunt?" asked Frank, who was inwardly just as impatient as he could be for news, and perhaps thought he might gather some idea by the question.

"My dear, he always sleeps well," said Mrs. Raynor. "*Too* well, I think. It is not good for a man of his age."

"How can a man sleep too well, mamma?" cried one of the children.

"Well, my darlings, I judge by the snoring. Poor papa snores dreadfully in his sleep."

"Will he be long before he's down, do you suppose, Aunt Mary?"

"I hear him getting up, Frank. He is early this morning because you are here."

And, indeed, in a minute or two the Major entered; his flowery silk dressing-gown—all the worse for wear, like the children's clothes—flowing around him, his hearty voice sending forth its greeting. For some little time the children kept up an incessant fire of questions; Frank could not get one in. But his turn came.

"Have you remembered that, Uncle Francis, now that you have slept upon it?"

The Major looked across the table. Just for the moment he did not speak. Frank went on eagerly.

"Sometimes things that have dropped out of our memory come back to us in a dream. I have heard of instances. Did it chance so to you last night, uncle?"

"Then—have you not recollected anything?"

"I fear not, Frank. I shall see as the day goes on."

But the day went on, and no recollection upon the point came back to Major Raynor. He "slept upon it" a second night, and still with the same result.

"I am very sorry, my boy," he said, grasping Frank's hand at parting, as they stood alone together on the grass plat for a moment. "Goodness knows, I'd tell you if I could. Should the remembrance come to me later—and I dare say it will; I don't see why it should not—I'll write off at once to you at Trennach. Meanwhile, you may safely count on one thing—that the sum's a large one."

"You think so?" said Frank.

"I do more than think so; I'm next door to sure of it. It's in the thousands. Yes, I feel certain of that."

"And so will I, then, uncle, in my own mind." It would have been strange had Frank, with his ultra-sanguine nature, not thought so, thus encouraged. "I can be laying out my plans accordingly."

"That you may safely do. And look here, Frank, my boy; even should it turn out that I'm mistaken—though I know I am not," continued the open-hearted Major, "*I* can make it up to you. As residuary legatee—and I do remember that much correctly now—I shall come into many thousands of ready money; and some of it shall be yours if you want it."

"How good you are, uncle!" cried Frank, his deep blue eyes shining forth their gratitude.

"And I'll tell you something more, my boy. Though I hardly like to speak of it," added the Major, dropping his voice, "and I've never mentioned it at home; for it would seem as though I were looking out for poor Ann's death, which I'd not do for the world. Neither would you, Frank."

"Certainly not, Uncle Francis. What is it?"

"Well, I had a letter the other day on some business of my own from Street the lawyer. He chanced to mention in it that he had been down to Eagles' Nest; and he added in a postscript that he was shocked to see the change in your Aunt Ann. In fact, he intimated that a very short period of time must bring the end. So you perceive, Frank, my boy—though, as I say, it sounds wrong and mean to speak of it—you may go back quite at your ease; for all the money you require will speedily be yours."

And Frank Raynor went back accordingly, feeling as certain of the good fortune coming to him, as though it had been told down before his eyes in golden guineas.

CHAPTER XIV.

SCHEMING.

The light of the hot and garish day had nearly faded from the world, leaving on it the cool air, the grateful hues of twilight. Inexpressibly grateful was that twilight to Frank Raynor and the pretty girl by his side, as they paced unrestrainedly, arm in arm, the paths of that wilderness, the garden at the Mount. The period of half-breathed vows and murmured tender hints had passed; each knew the other's love, and they spoke out together confidentially of the future.

After the unpleasant truth—that Frank was not the heir to Eagles' Nest—had so unexpectedly dawned on Mrs. St. Clare, she informed her daughter Margaret that the absurd intimacy with Mr. Raynor must be put aside. Margaret, feeling stunned for a minute or two, plucked up the courage to ask why. Because, answered Mrs. St. Clare, it had turned out that he was not the heir to Eagles' Nest. And Margaret, whose courage increased with exercise, gently said that that was no good reason; that she liked Mr. Raynor for himself, not for any prospects he might or might not possess, and that she could not give him up. A stormy interview ensued. At least, on the mother's part it was stormy; Margaret was only quiet, and inwardly firm. And the upshot was, that Mrs. St. Clare, who hated contention, as most indolent women do, finally got into a passion, and told Margaret that if she chose to marry Mr. Raynor she must; but that she, her mother, and the Mount, and the St. Clare family generally, would wash their hands of her forever afterwards.

When once Mrs. St. Clare had said a thing, she held to it. Margaret knew that; and she knew that from henceforth there was no probability, one might almost write possibility, of inducing her mother to consent to her marrying Frank Raynor. Margaret was mistress of her own actions in one sense of the word. When Colonel St. Clare died he left no restrictions on his daughters. All his money, it was not much, was bequeathed to his wife and was at her own absolute disposal; but not a word was said in his will touching the free actions of his daughters. Mrs. St. Clare knew this; Daisy knew it; and that, in the argument, gave the one an advantage over the other.

But Mrs. St. Clare, in the dispute, committed a fatal error. When people fall into a passion, they often say injudicious things. Had she said to Margaret, I forbid you to marry Mr. Raynor, Margaret would never have thought of disobeying the injunction; but when Mrs. St. Clare said, "if you choose to marry him, do so, but I shall wash my hands of you," it put the idea into Margaret's head. Mrs. St. Clare had used the words because they came uppermost in her anger, attaching no real meaning to them, never supposing that advantage could be taken of them. To her daughter they wore a different aspect. Right or wrong—though of course it was wrong, not right—she looked upon it as a half-tacit permission; and from that moment the contemplation of marrying Frank with nobody's consent but her own, took possession of her. To lose him seemed terrible in Margaret's eyes; she would almost as soon have lost life; and instinct whispered to her a warning that in a short while Mrs. St. Clare would contrive to separate them, and they might never meet more.

It was of this terrible prospect—separation—or, rather, of avoiding the prospect, that Mr. Raynor and Margaret were conversing in the twilight of the summer's evening. For once they had met and could linger together without restraint. Mrs. St. Clare and Lydia had gone to a dinner party ten miles away; Margaret had not been invited; the card said Mrs. and Miss St. Clare; and so they could not take her. Mrs. St. Clare, divining perhaps that her absence might be thus made use of, had proposed to Lydia to allow Margaret to be the one to go; but Lydia, selfish as usual, preferred to go herself. Mr. Raynor was no longer a visitor at the Mount. Mrs. St. Clare, after the rupture with Margaret, wrote a request to Dr. Raynor, that for the future *he* would attend himself; but she gave no reason. So that the lovers had not had many meetings lately.

All the more enjoyable was the one of this evening. Frank had gone over on speculation. Happening to hear Dr. Raynor say that Miss St. Clare was going out to dinner with her mother, he walked over on the chance of seeing Margaret. And there they were, clinging to each other amid the sighing trees and the scent of the night flowers.

Frank, open-natured and single-minded, had told her every particular of his visit to Spring Lawn—what he had gone for, what the result had been, and what his uncle the Major had assured him of, the large sum he might confidently reckon upon under Mrs. Atkinson's will. To this hour Frank knew not the full truth of Mrs. St. Clare's changed manners; for Margaret, in her delicacy, did not give him a hint as to Eagles' Nest. "Mamma thinks that you—that you are not rich enough to marry," said poor Margaret, stammering somewhat in the brief explanation. But, as he was now pointing out to Margaret with all his eloquence, the time could not be very far off when he should be rich enough.

"Shall you not consider it so, Daisy? When I shall join some noted man in London, to be paid well for my services temporarily, and with the certainty of being his partner at no distant date? We should have a nice house; I would take care of that; and every comfort in it. Not a carriage; not luxuries; I could not attempt that at first; but we could afford, in our happiness, to wait for them."

"Oh yes," murmured Daisy, thinking to herself that it would be Paradise.

"If I fully explain all this to your mother——"

"It would be of no use: she would not listen," interrupted Daisy. "I—I hardly like to tell you what she said, Frank. One thing we may rest assured of—that she will never, never give her consent."

"But she must give it, Daisy. Does she suppose we could give each other up? You and I are not children, to be played with—divided without rhyme or reason."

"In a short while—I do not know how short—mamma intends to shut up the Mount and take me and Lydia to Switzerland and Italy. It may be *years* before we come back, Frank; years, and years, and years. I daresay I should never see you again."

"I'm sure you speak calmly enough about it, Daisy! As if you liked it!"

Calmly enough! Liked it! Looking down at her he met her reproachful eyes and the sudden tears the words called up in them.

"My darling, what is to be done? You cannot go abroad with them: you must stay in England."

"As if that would be possible!" breathed Daisy. "I have no one to stay with; no relatives, or anything. And if I had, mamma would not leave me."

"I wish I could marry you off hand!" cried thoughtless Frank, speaking more on the impulse of the moment than attaching any real meaning to what he said.

Daisy sighed, and put her cheek against his arm. And what with one word and another, they both began to think it might be. Love is blind, and love's arguments though sweetly specious, are sadly delusive. In a few minutes they had got to think that an immediate marriage, as private as might be, was the only way to save them from perdition. That is, to preserve them one for another: and that it would be the very best mode of proceeding under their untoward lot.

"The sooner it is done, the better, Daisy," cried Frank, going in for it now with all his characteristic eagerness. "I'd say to-morrow, if I had the license, but I must get that first. I hope and trust your mother will not be very angry!"

Daisy had not lifted her face. It pressed his arm all the closer. Frank filled up an interlude by taking a kiss from it.

"Mamma said that if I did marry you, she should wash her hands of me," whispered Daisy.

"Said that! Did she! Why, then, Daisy, she must have seen for herself that it was our best and only resource. I look upon it almost in the light of a permission."

"Do you think so?"

"Of course I do. And so do you, don't you? How good of her to say it!"

With the blushes, that the subject called up, lighting her face, they renewed their promenade amid the trees, under the grey light of the evening sky, talking earnestly. The matter itself settled, ways and means had to be discussed. Frank's arm was round her; her hand was again lying in his.

"Our own church at Trennach will be the safest, Daisy; the safest, and best; and the one most readily got to. You can come down to it at an early hour: eight o'clock, say. They will not be astir here at home, and I'll be bound you will meet nobody en route. The road is lonely enough, you know, whether you take the highway or the Bare Plain."

Daisy did not answer. Her clear eyes had a far-off look in them, gazing at the grey sky.

"Fortune itself seems to aid us," went on Frank, briskly. "At almost any time but this we might not have been able to accomplish it so deftly. Had I gone to Mr. Pine and said, I want you to marry me and say nothing about it, he might have demurred; thought it necessary to consult Dr. Raynor first, or invented some such scruple; but with Pine away and this new man here the matter is easy. And so Daisy, my best love, if you will be early at the church the day after to-morrow, I shall be there waiting for you."

"What do you call early?" asked Daisy.

"Eight o'clock, I said. It had better not be later. We'll get married, and not a soul will be any the wiser."

"Of course I don't mean it to be a real wedding," said Daisy, blushing violently, "with a tour, and a breakfast, and all that, Frank. We can just go into the church, and go through the ceremony, and come out again at different doors; and I shall walk home here, and you will go back to Dr. Raynor's. Don't you see?"

"All right," said Frank.

"And if it were not," added Daisy, bursting into a sudden flood of tears, "that it seems to be the only way to ensure our non-separation, and that mamma must have had some idea we should take it when she said she should wash her hands of me, I'd not do such a dreadful thing for the world."

Frank Raynor set himself to soothe her, kissing the tears away. A few more minutes given to the details of the plan, an urgent charge to Daisy to keep her courage up, and to be at the church in time, and then they separated.

Daisy stood at the gate and watched him down the slight incline from the Mount, until he disappeared. She remained where she was, dwelling upon the momentous step she had decided to take; now shrinking from it instinctively, now telling herself that it was her only chance of happiness in this world, and now blushing and trembling at the thought of being his wife, though only in name, ere the setting of the day-after-to-morrow's sun. When she at length turned with a slow step indoors, the lady's-maid, Tabitha, was in the drawing-room.

"Is it not rather late for you to be out, Miss Margaret? The damp is rising. I've been in here twice before to see if you'd not like a cup of tea."

"It is as dry as it can be—a warm, lovely evening," returned Margaret. "Tea? Oh, I don't mind whether I take any or not. Bring it if you like, Tabitha."

With this semi-permission, the woman withdrew to bring the tea. Margaret looked after her and knitted her brow.

"She has been watching me and Frank—*I think*. I am sure old Tabitha's sly—and fond of interfering in other people's business. I hope she will not go and tell mamma he was here—or Lydia."

This woman, Tabitha Float, had only lived with them since they were at the Mount: their former maid, at the last moment, having declined to quit Bath. Mrs. St. Clare had made inquiries for one when she reached the Mount, and Tabitha Float presented herself. She had recently left a family in the neighborhood and was staying at Trennach with her relatives, making her home at the druggist's. Mrs. St. Clare engaged her, and there she was. She proved to be a very respectable and superior servant, but somewhat fond of gossip: and in that latter propensity was encouraged by Lydia. Amid the ennui pervading the days of Miss St. Clare, and which she unceasingly complained of, even the tattle of an elderly serving-maid seemed an agreeable interlude.

Not a word said Frank Raynor of the project in hand. Serious, nay solemn, though the step he contemplated was, he was entering upon it in the lightest and most careless manner (speaking relatively), with no more thought than he might have given to the contemplation of a journey.

He had remarked to Margaret—who, in point of prudence, was not, in this case, one whit better than himself—that fortune itself seemed to be siding them. In so far as that circumstances were just now, through the absence of the Rector of Trennach, more favorable to the safe and easy accomplishment of the ceremony than they could have been at another time, that was true. The Reverend Mr. Pine had at length found himself obliged to follow the advice of Dr. Raynor, and was gone away with his wife for three months' rest. A young clergyman, named Backup, was taking the duty for the time; he had but just arrived, and was a stranger to the place. With him, Frank could of course deal more readily in the affair than he would have been able to do with Mr. Pine.

Morning came. Not the morning of the wedding, but the one following the decisive interview between Frank and Margaret. Frank made some plea at home for going to a certain town—which we will here call Tello—in search of the ring and the marriage license. It happened that the Raynors had acquaintances there; and Edina unsuspiciously bade Frank call and see them. Frank went by rail, and was back again before dusk.

Taking his tea at home, and reporting to Edina that their friends at Tello were well and flourishing, Frank went out later to call at the rectory. It was a gloomy kind of dwelling, the front windows looking out upon the graves in the churchyard. Mr. Backup was seated at his early and frugal supper of bread-and-butter and milk when Frank entered. He was a very shy and nervous young man; and he blushed scarlet at being caught eating, as he started up to receive Frank.

"Pray don't let me disturb you," said Frank, shaking hands, and then sitting down in his cordial way. "No, I won't take anything, thank you,"—as the clergyman hospitably handed him the plate of bread-and-butter. "I've not long had tea. Well, just a slice, then."

His taking the bread-and-butter and eating it with great relish, and then, in pure good fellowship, helping himself to another slice, put Mr. Backup considerably at ease: and the two talked and eat simultaneously.

"I am come to ask you to do me a little service, Mr. Backup," began Frank, plunging headlong into the communication he had to make.

"I'm sure I shall be very happy to—to—do anything," murmured Mr. Backup.

"There's a wedding to be celebrated at the church to-morrow morning. The parties wish it to be got over early—at eight o'clock. It won't be inconvenient to you, will it, to be ready for them at that hour?"

"No—I—not at all," stammered the young divine, relapsing into a state of inward tumult and misgiving. Not as to any doubt of the orthodoxy of the wedding itself, but as to whether he should be able to get over his part of it satisfactorily. He had never married but one couple in his life; and then he had made the happy pair kneel down at the wrong places, and contrived to let the bridegroom put the ring on the bride's right-hand finger.

"Not at all too early," repeated he, striving to appear at his ease, lest this ready-mannered, dashing young man should suspect his nervousness on the score and his sense of deficiency. "Is it two of the miners' people?"

"You will see to-morrow morning," replied Frank, laughing, and passing over the question with the most natural ease in the world. "At eight o'clock, then, please to be in the church. You will be sure not to keep them waiting?"

"I will be there before eight," said Mr. Backup, rising as Frank rose.

"Thank you. I suppose it's nothing new to you," lightly added Frank, as a passing remark. "You have married many a couple, I daresay."

"Well—not so many. In my late curacy, the rector liked to take the marriages to himself. I mostly did the christenings; he was awkward at holding the babies."

"By the way, I have another request to make," said Frank, pausing at the front door, which the clergyman had come to open for him. "It is, that you would kindly not mention this beforehand."

"Not mention?—I don't quite understand," replied the bewildered young man. "Not mention what?"

"That there's to be a wedding to-morrow. The parties would not like the church to be filled with gaping miners; they wish it to be got over quite privately."

"I will be sure not to mention it," readily assented Mr. Backup. "For that matter, I don't suppose I shall see anybody between now and then. About the clerk——"

"Oh, I will see him; I'll make that all right," responded Frank. "Good evening."

He went skimming over the grave-mounds to the opposite side of the churchyard, with little reverence, it must be owned, for the dead who lay beneath; but when a man's thoughts are filled with weddings, he cannot be expected to regard graves. Crossing a stile, he was then close to the clerk's dwelling; a low, one-storied cottage with a slanting roof, enjoying the same agreeable view as the rectory. The clerk's wife, a round, rosy little woman, was milking her goat in the shed, her gown pinned up around her.

"Halloa, Mrs. Trim! you are doing that rather late, are you not?" cried Frank.

"Late! I should think it is late for't, Master Frank," answered Mrs. Trim, in wrath. She was familiar enough with him, from the fact of going to the Doctor's house occasionally to help the servant. "I goes over to Pendon this afternoon to have a dish o' tea with a friend there, never thinking but what Trim would attend to poor Nanny. But no, not a bit of it. Drat all the men!—a set o' helpless bodies. I don't know what work Trim's good for, save to dig the graves."

"Where is Trim?"

"Indoors, a-smoking his pipe."

Frank stepped in without ceremony. Trim, who was sexton as well as clerk, sat at the kitchen window, which looked on to the field at the back. He was a man of some fifty years; short and thin, with scanty locks of iron-grey hair, just as silent as his wife was loquacious, and respectful to his betters. Rising when Frank entered, he put his pipe down in the hearth, and touched his hair.

"Look here, Trim; I want to send you on an errand," said Frank, lowering his voice against any possible eavesdroppers, and speaking in a hurry, for he had patients to see yet to-night. "Can you go a little journey for me to-morrow morning?"

"Sure I can, sir," replied Tom. "Anywhere you please."

"All right. I went to Tello this afternoon, and omitted to call at the post-office for some letters that may be waiting there. You must go off betimes, by the half-past seven o'clock train; get the letters—if there are any—and bring them to me at once. You'll be back again long before the sun has reached the meridian, if you make haste. There's a sovereign to pay you expense. Keep the change."

"And in what name are the letters lying there, sir?" asked the clerk, a thoughtful man at all times, and touching his hair again as he took up the gold piece.

"Name? Oh, mine; Francis Raynor. You'll be sure not to fail me?"

The clerk shook his head emphatically. He never did fail anyone.

"That's right. Be away from here at seven, and you'll be in ample time for the train, walking gently. Do not speak of this to your wife, Trim; or to anybody else."

"As good set that there church bell a-clapping as she, sir," replied the clerk, confidentially. "You needn't be afeared o' me, Mr. Frank. I know what they women's tongues be; they don't often get an oiling from me, sir."

And away went Frank Raynor, over the stile and the mounds again, calling back a good evening to Mrs. Trim; who was just then putting up her goat for the night.

Scheming begets scheming. As Frank found. Open and straightforward though he was by nature and by conduct, he had to scheme now. He wanted the marriage kept absolutely secret at present from everybody; save of course from the clergyman who must, of necessity, take part in it. For this reason he was sending clerk Trim out of the way to inquire after some imaginary letters.

Another little circumstance turned out in his favor. Eight o'clock was the breakfast hour at Dr. Raynor's. It was clear that if Frank presented himself to time at the breakfast table, he could not be standing before the altar rails in the church. Of course he must absent himself from breakfast, and invent some plea of excuse. But this was done for him. Upon quitting the clerk's and hastening to his patients, he found one of them so much worse that it would be essential to see him at the earliest convenient hour in the morning. And this he said later to the Doctor. When his place was seen vacant at breakfast, it would be concluded by his uncle and Edina, that he was detained abroad by the exigencies of the sick man.

But if Fortune was showing herself to be thus kind to him in some respects, Fate was preparing to be less so. Upon how apparently accidental and even absurd a trifle great events often turn; or, rather, to what great events, affecting life and happiness one insignificant incident will lead, the world does not need to be told.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HABITS OF HERONS.

An interesting article on the habits of the herons of South America, by W. H. Hudson, appears in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London. Some one has affirmed that a mysterious light emanates from the heron's bosom when it fishes in the dark. He thinks that this may have some foundation. He has satisfied himself that the *Ardea cocoi* possesses as keen a vision by day as any birds except the raptorial kinds. The streams on the level pampas are so muddy that a fish two inches below the surface is invisible to the human eye; yet in these thick waters the herons fish by night as by day. "If the eye is adapted to see so well in the day, how can it see so well at night, and under such unfavorable circumstances, without some such extraneous aid to vision as the attributed luminosity?"

A wonderful case of protective mimicry in the case of the variegated heron is narrated by Mr. Hudson. When disturbed, it perches erect on a reed, the head and neck erect, with no perceptible curve or inequality in a front view, but the whole bird is the exact counterpart of a straight tapering rush; "the loose plumage arranged to fill inequalities, the wings pressed into the hollow sides, made it impossible to see where the body ended and the neck began, or to distinguish head from neck or beak from head. This was, of course, a front view, and the entire under-surface of the bird was thus displayed, all of a uniform dull yellow like that of a faded rush." On forcing the head down until it touched the back, it flew back to its former position like a steel spring, though the experiment was frequently repeated. Its eyes appeared "all the time rigid and unwinking, like those of a creature in a fit." When he stepped around to see its striped back and broad dark-colored sides, it would always present its front to view. "His motions on the perch as he turned slowly or quickly around, still keeping the edge of the blade-like body before me, corresponded so exactly with my own that I almost doubted that I had moved at all."—*Harper's Magazine for December.*

THE MOST IMPORTANT BUSINESS.—The pursuit of knowledge tends to cultivate and to form the mind; but the most important business is to form the heart; that is, to become an honest man. As such, one will abhor injustice, lies, pride, and avarice. If a person, though possessed of the finest understanding and greatest knowledge should be a liar, cruel, proud, and covetous, he will be hated and detested by every human creature, and shunned like a wild beast.

FARM AND GARDEN.

AGE OF EGGS.—To determine the age of eggs, dissolve about four ounces of common salt in a quart of pure water, and then immerse the egg. If it is one day old, it will descend to the bottom of the vessel: but if three days, it will float in the liquid. If more than five days old, it will come to the surface and project above, in proportion to its increased age.

MUSTARD.—The cultivation of the mustard plant is largely engaged in by the farmers of Salinas Valley, Cal., and a large trade in the merchantable article has sprung up recently there. The mustard is gathered and threshed by Chinamen, and is then put up for shipment. So far this season the Salinas Valley region has sent 400,000 pounds of the fiery condiment to the San Francisco market.

ARTIFICIAL WALKS.—An Eastern paper says: "How to make walks about the house hard without much cost, is a question which we have often asked ourselves without ever receiving a satisfactory reply. Coal ashes, sand, such as is used for mortar, and clay in the proportion of rather more sand than coal ashes—the difference made up with the clay—all well mixed together and laid at least four inches deep, will become very compact and hard. Macadamized paths are recommended in point of cheapness. Collect all the stones you can. Place the large in the bottom and fill in with the smaller ones, covering, as above, with sand, ashes, and a little clay."

AMERICAN BEEF CATTLE IN ENGLAND.—A paper just received from Liverpool, England, notes the fact that eighty-eight live cattle had just arrived there from New York, looking just as fresh and healthy as possible. We have never doubted but what cattle could be shipped from the United States to England at all times just as easily as blooded cattle could be shipped from England to this country, and the importation of fine blooded stock has been kept up for near half a century. The regular shipment of live cattle and dressed beef from the United States to England has now become an established business, and there is hardly a day passes at the Union Stock Yards but what there are cattle sold for shipment to England either on the hoof or in the carcass.

KEEPING CIDER SWEET.—The editor of the *New England Farmer* indorsed the following mode of preserving cider sweet for five years: "Leach and filter the cider through pure sand, after it has worked and before it has soured. Put no alcohol or other substance with it. Be sure that the vessels you put it in are perfectly clean and sweet. After it has leached or filtered put it in barrels or casks filled, leaving no room for air; bung them up tight and keep it where it won't freeze till February or March, then put it in champagne bottles filled, drive the corks and wire them. The best cider is late made, or made when it is as cold as can be and not be frozen." We drank some cider from a barrel, filtered as above mentioned, the hour of this writing, made in the interior of New York, which was as sweet as if made only the day before.

HOW TO KEEP BOUQUETS FRESH.—There are various recipes for keeping bouquets fresh. Some people stick them in moist sand, some salt the water in the vases, and others warm it; others, again, use a few drops of ammonia. My rule is, to *cool the flowers* thoroughly at night. When the long day of furnace-heat has made the roses droop and their stems limp and lifeless, I clip them a little, and set them to float in a marble basin full of very cold water. In the morning they came out made over into crisp beauty, as fresh and blooming as if just gathered. All flowers, however, will not stand this water-cure. Heliotrope blackens and falls to pieces under it; azaleas drop from their stems, and mignonette soaks away its *fragrance*. For these, I use dry, cold air. I wrap them in cotton wool, and set them on a shelf in the ice chest! I can almost hear you laugh, but really I am not joking. Flowers thus treated keep perfectly for a week with me, and often longer.

GREASING WAGONS.—But few people are aware that they do wagons and carriages more injury by greasing too plentifully than in any other way. A well-made wheel will endure common wear from ten to twenty-five years, if care is taken to use the right kind and proper amount of grease; but, if this matter is not attended to, they will be used up in five or six years. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub, and work its way out around the tenons of the spokes, and spoil the wheel. Tallow is the best lubricator for wood axle-trees, and castor oil for iron. Just grease enough should be applied to the spindle of a wagon to give it a light coating; this is better than more, for the surplus put on will work out at the ends, and be forced by the shoulder-bands and nut-washers into the hub around the outside of the boxes. To oil an iron axle-tree, first wipe the spindle clean with a cloth wet with spirits of turpentine, and then apply a few drops of castor oil near the shoulder and end. One teaspoonful is sufficient for the whole.

OUR BOYS & GIRLS

HALF A CROWN.

"Please, sir, will you buy my chestnuts?"

"Chestnuts! No," returned Ralph Moore, looking carelessly down on the upturned face, whose large brown eyes, shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair, were appealing so pitifully to his own. "What do I want with chestnuts?"

"But, please, sir, buy 'em," pleaded the little one, reassured by the rough kindness of his tone. "Nobody seems to care for them, and—and——"

She fairly burst into tears, and Moore, who had been on the point of brushing carelessly past her, stopped instinctively.

"Are you very much in want of the money?"

"Indeed, sir, we are," sobbed the child; "mother sent me out, and——"

"Nay, little one, don't cry in such a heartbroken way," said Ralph, smoothing down her hair with genuine gentleness. "I don't want your chestnuts, but here's half a crown for you if that will do you any good."

He did not stop to hear the delighted incoherent thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on his way, muttering between his teeth. "That cut off my supply of cigars for the next week. I don't care, though; the brown-eyed object really did cry as if she hadn't really a friend in the world. Hang it! I wish I was rich enough to help every poor creature out of the slough of despond."

While Ralph Moore was indulging in these very natural reflections, the dark-eyed little damsel whom he had comforted was dashing down the street, with quick elastic footsteps, utterly regardless of the basket of unsold nuts that still dangled on her arm. Down an obscure lane she darted between ruinous rows of houses, and up a narrow wooden staircase, to a room where a pale, neat-looking woman, with large brown eyes like her own, was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended upon every stitch, and two little ones were contentedly playing in the sunshine that temporarily supplied the place of fire.

"Mary! back already? Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon?"

"Oh, mother! mother, see!" ejaculated the almost breathless child. "A gentleman gave me a whole half-crown. Only think, mother, a whole half-crown!"

If Ralph Moore could have only seen the rapture which his half-crown gift diffused around it in the poor widow's poverty-stricken home, he would have regarded still less the temporary privation of cigars to which his generosity had subjected him.

* * * * * * * * *

Years came and went. The little chestnut girl passed as entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory as if pleading eyes had never touched the *soft* spot in his *heart*; but Mary Lee never forgot the stranger who had given her the silver half-crown.

* * * * * * * * *

The crimson window curtains were closely drawn, to shut out the storm and tempest of the bleak December night; the fire was glowing cheerily in the well-filled grate, and the dinner-table, in a glitter with cut glass, rare china, and polished silver, was only waiting for the presence of Mr. Audley.

"What can it be that detains papa?" said Mrs. Audley, a fair, handsome matron of about thirty, as she glanced at the dial of a tiny enamelled watch. "Six o'clock, and he does not make his appearance."

"There's a man with him in the study, mamma, come on business," said Robert Audley, a pretty boy, eleven years old, who was reading by the fire.

"I'll call him again," said Mrs. Audley, stepping to the door.

But as she opened it, the brilliant gaslight in the hall fell full upon the face of an humble-looking man, in worn and threadbare garments, who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

"Charles," said Mrs. Audley, whose cheek had paled and flushed, "who is that man, and what does he want?"

"His name is Moore, I believe, and he came to see if I would bestow upon him that vacant clerkship in the bank."

"And will you?"

"I don't know, Mary; I must think about it."

"Charles, give him the situation."

"Why, my love?"

"Because I ask it of you as a favor, and you have said a thousand times that you would never deny me anything."

"And I will keep my word, Mary," said the noble-hearted husband, with an affectionate kiss. "I'll write the fellow a note this very evening. I believe I've got his address about me, somewhere."

An hour later, when Bobbie, Frank and Eugene were snugly tucked in bed, in the spacious nursery upstairs, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was so interested in the fate of a man whom she had not seen for twenty years.

"That's right, my little wife," replied her husband, folding her fondly to his breast, when the simple tale was concluded. "Never forget one who was kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most."

* * * * * * * * *

Ralph Moore was sitting in his poor lodgings beside his ailing wife's sick-bed, when a liveried servant brought a note from the rich banker, Mr. Charles Audley.

"Good news, Bertha," he exclaimed, as he read the brief words. "We shall not starve; Mr. Audley promises me the vacant situation."

"You have dropped something from the letter, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper on the floor.

Moore stopped to recover the estray. It was a fifty-pound note, neatly folded in a piece of paper, on which was written, "In grateful remembrance of a half-crown piece that a kind stranger bestowed on a little chestnut girl over twenty years ago."

Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread upon the waters, and after many days it had returned to him.

The cultivation of a charitable, benevolent spirit will not injure any of us, and will certainly benefit the community in which we live, and add constantly to the number of our friends.

THE VINEYARDS OF COGNAC.

At Jonzac, the most southern of the Cognac brandy entrepots, the vines have suffered less than in the neighborhood of Pons, and as a consequence the vintage is more satisfactory; still the crop is under half of an average one. It suffices, however, to give plenty of employment to the press-houses in the outskirts of the town, where carts with well filled cuves are continually arriving. At every step you take you inhale the odor of the vintage—the rich fruity vinous smell of newly crushed grapes. The wages paid to the vintagers appear to vary but little throughout the Cognac brandy region. The men doing the heavy work get from two and a half to three francs a day with their food, while women employed as pickers receive a couple of francs, and children a franc and under. The resident rural population usually suffices for the vintage operations, but in seasons of great abundance, bands of vintagers come from a distance to offer their services. Hired laborers are, it may be noted, rare in the Deux Charentes, where small holdings are perhaps more prevalent than in any other part of France. Here the family hopes of the peasant proprietor are restricted to one only child, in order that his patch of land may not be divided, and nobody is expected to have more. These peasant producers of eau-de-vies without unduly stinting themselves, are great savers and small spenders, and form altogether a very wealthy class, really large fortunes being far from uncommon among them. Foresight had more to do with their prosperity than simple thrift. Whenever there was an abundant vintage, instead of parting with their wine for a nominal price, they distilled it, which enabled them to pack it away in a small space only to bring the bulk of it to light after a succession of bad years when prices had risen immensely. The Charente wine growers generally cultivate their own vineyards with the aid of their families. When they have recourse to hired labor the wag's paid vary from two francs to three francs a day, according as the men are or are not fed. A few proprietors pay a fixed sum, varying from eighty francs to one hundred and twenty francs per hectare (nearly two and a-half acres) for the annual work required in their vineyards, exclusive, of course, of the vintage.

There are three kinds of vineyards in the Charente brandy region, known respectively as "vignes pleines," "vignes en allees," and "vignes a boeufs." In all of them the vines are planted in rows, and in the first named they are from three to five feet apart. These vineyards are usually cultivated by hand labor, though when the rows of vines are sufficiently wide the plough is run between them previous to the ground being loosened. These vignes en allees consist of long narrow strips of land planted with vines in rows every fourth or fifth row or so having a slip of ground sown with grain or vegetables in between. In these vineyards, which are most common in the Grande Champagne district, the vines as a rule are planted rather wide apart. The vignes a boeufs are so termed from the rows being sufficiently wide—namely, from five to six feet—to admit of oxen with a plough passing between. In all the vineyards the vines, with scarcely an exception, are left without supports.

It is the soil of the vineyards in the Grand and Petite Champagne districts which constitutes their superiority and to which the fine aroma of the highest class brandies is exclusively due. This soil is principally clayey and flinty rock, resting on a bed of chalk or limestone and occasionally of marl. Around Cognac and Barbezieux, when planting the vines, the earth is dug from twelve to eighteen inches deep. A hole a foot or more in depth is then dibbled and the shoot thrust in. Round about Angouleme, however, the vines are commonly planted by simply making a hole in the ground to receive the shoot. The source of all the wealth of the Cognac brandy region is the Folle blanche vine, producing an indifferent wine and one which will not keep—possibly because no care is bestowed on the making of it—yet yielding a spirit which is without a rival in the world. The vine has long jointed stems, the leaves are rather broad in shape, and of a rich green tint; the bunches of grapes are short and compact, the berries being round, of the middle size, and of a pale yellowish green tinge, and having a decided acidulous taste. The Folle blanche will grow at all altitudes and in almost any kind of soil; it is little sensible to frost, and resists the "coulure" or falling of the fruit from unseasonable weather during the summer season. In the neighborhood of Cognac neither manure nor fresh soil is applied to the vineyards, while about Barbezieux and Angouleme scarcely any manure is used, but fresh earth is frequently added. Around Segonzac it is the practice to manure the strips of land in which vegetables or grain are grown every two or three years, and to spread a small portion of this manure around the vines. In fairly good seasons the average yield of the Charente vineyards is within a fraction of 500 gallons per acre, almost the highest rate of vineyard production in all France. The vineyards around Cognac are the most prolific, producing a third more than those of Barbezieux, which in their turn yield a third more than those of Angouleme.

However dishonestly disposed the Charente brandy distillers may be, they can only adulterate their produce with the full knowledge of their neighbors. All wines and spirits need an official authorization to be moved about in France, and no distiller in the Charente could receive a cask of any kind of spirit without everybody knowing it. The adulteration, therefore, of eau-de-vie de Cognac must be comparatively rare among its producers, for any of them receiving raw spirit would speedily become marked men, and find themselves excluded from doing business with the great body of shippers. It stands to reason that if the latter desired to have recourse to brandy adulterated with cheap spirit—whether distilled from grapes, potatoes, beet-root, or Jerusalem artichokes—they would prefer to make the mixture themselves. The worst complaint made against the Charente farmers as a body is that they invariably try to cheat intending purchasers concerning the age of their brandies, passing off those of 1865 as of 1860, 1868 as 1865, and so on. At the present moment the price they demand for brandy of the year 1865 is at the rate of a fraction under 14s. a gallon.

None of the shippers distil their own brandy, not even any portion of it; they simply buy from the thousands of small producers scattered over the Cognac brandy region. The idea current in the locality is that the distillation of so fine and delicate a product as the eau-de-vie de Cognac cannot be carried out on a large scale, nor far from the spot where the wine has been vintaged. The Charente farmers, as a rule, commence distilling wine into brandy in November, although some of the needier growers scarcely wait until the wine has completed its fermentation. The vintage being nearly a month late this year, the period of distillation will be proportionately delayed. Newly made wine furnishes more spirit than wine twelve months old, and wine fermented in considerable bulk more spirit in proportion than when fermented in small casks. In seasons when the grapes have thoroughly ripened the brandy produced is stronger, but what it gains in strength it generally loses in quality; on the other hand, after a coldish summer the wine yields a superior spirit, but less of it. When the vintage is of good quality, six or eight gallons of wine suffice to yield one gallon of brandy. In unfavorable seasons, however, a fourth or half as much again is necessary to produce the same amount of spirit.

PREPARING SKINS OF THE FUR-SEAL FOR MARKET.

An effort is being made to establish in San Francisco the business of preparing the skins of the fur-seal for market. The preparation consists of three processes: First, plucking or pulling out the hair which projects out beyond the fur and hides it; second, the dressing, or shaving and tanning the skin; and third, the dyeing, by which the natural dirty light brown color of the fur is changed to a rich dark brown. The preparation is now done in London, and it is said by those familiar with the business that the skill can be obtained and the work profitably executed here. The fur-seal skins passing through San Francisco annually number about 160,000, of which two-thirds come from the St. George and St. Paul islands of Alaska, about a fourth from the Copper and Behring islands, belonging to Kamschatka, and the remainder from Cape Flattery and vicinity. These skins are now sent to London for preparation at an expense of 12½ per cent. for transmission, and after a delay of nearly a year many are brought back to the United States at an expense of eight per cent., and pay an import duty of twenty per cent., besides profits that range from ten to twenty per cent. The average extra expense of having the work for the skins to be used in the United States done in London is estimated to be fifty per cent., and it is in every case over forty per cent. The gross price paid for the raw skins by the English purchasers is $10 each, and the sale price is $40 on the average, making an increase of $30 on each skin; and of this latter sum not more than one-fourth is required to pay for the plucking, dressing and dyeing. The total gross yield of the fur seal-skins obtained from the North Pacific to the American traders is $1,500,000, and the English add $4,500,000 to the price before they sell again.

HERE AND THERE.

A TRIAL trip—a ride in the Black Maria.

PROGRESS of childhood—From pap to papa.

TURKEY gobblers—the Great Powers of Europe.

LONG range practice—Twenty years' experience as a cook.

FOR the accumulation of wealth saving is better than getting.

IN the oyster business the fall openings have been successful.

MOTTO for the Russian bear about this time—Now comes the hug of war.

"WE are slowly but surely approaching the Thanksgiving time when a man must know how to carve a fowl or get ready to take a baked turkey in his lap.

WHEN the Rhode Island militia paraded the other day you might hear the officers thunder forth their commands. "Guide right, steady, men, don't push any one over into Connecticut!"

"YESTERDAY being a pleasant Sunday," says the *Norwich Bulletin*, "most of the boys who attended Sunday-school brought home a good many chestnuts which a kind man had given them."

UNQUESTIONABLY Noah exercised his best judgment when he stocked the ark, but humanity will never cease running its fingers through its hair and wondering why he imported bed-bug seed.

A BASHFUL young man, while out driving, with the dearest girl in the world, the other day, had to get out and buckle the crupper, and hesitatingly explained that "the animal's bustle had come loose."

The worst case of selfishness that ever has been presented to the public emanated from a youth who complained because his mother put a bigger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

LITTLE Robbie went to a show and saw an elephant for the first time in his life. When he came home his mother asked him what he had seen. "An elephant, mamma, that gobbled hay with his front tail."

THE toast-master who delivered the following is dead now: "Old Bachelors—Like sour cider, they grow more crabbed the longer they are kept, and when they see a little mother they turn to vinegar at once."

A PHRENOLOGIST remarking that some persons had the organ of murder and benevolence strongly and equally developed, his friend replied, "that doubtless those were the persons *who would kill one with kindness*."

WHEN a man goes to a quilting party about tea time, and sets down on a ball of wicking with a long darning needle in it, he will think of more things connected with darning in a minute than he can mention in two hours.

A LITTLE girl, four years old, created a ripple by remarking to the teacher of her Sunday school class: "Ourdog's dead. I bet the angels were scared when they saw him coming up the walk. He is cross to strangers."

AN attorney, about to furnish a bill of costs was requested by his client, a baker, to "make it as light as he could." "Ah," replied the attorney, "that's what you say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

"FUNNY monkey," said Mrs. Partington, as she saw him patiently knitting, "but he sets as if he had plumbago in the back, and I could wish there was more hair on his representable tail. I cannot yet believe, neither, that they're our posterity."

OYSTER-STEWS at church sociables and similar entertainments will this winter be cut lower in the bowl than usually and be tucked and gathered more. Four oysters to three stews will be ample. They should be cut bias and trimmed with the material.

A STORY is told of a bashful, polite man, who was suddenly asked to say grace at the table. He had never done it in his life, and with much embarrassment he stammered out: "Oh Lord, we thank you; we are much obliged to you. Yours respectfully. Amen.

A PUBLISHER who always gives away a chromo, lately purchased a large number of pictures of Niagara Falls. After advertising them for a time with very poor results in the way of subscriptions, he turned them upside down, and announced a bran new chromo of "A Prairie on Fire."

A LECTURER, while speaking up in Scott county, Pa., used the French quotation, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," whereupon the ladies in the audience stared, then blushed, then looked at each other, and got up and stalked out of the hall, and the local paper, in its criticism, said that "portions of the lecture were too indecent for publication."

AN Omaha girl recently married a man whose features were nearly obscured by a heavy growth of whiskers. "Now," said she, at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, "my first anxiety is to get that hair off your face, so I can see who you look like. I've married a pig in a poke so far as your features are concerned." The barber had a call that day.

"THAT'S where the boys fit for college," said the professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a school-house. "Did they?" said the old lady with animation. "Then, if they fit for college before they went they didn't fight afterward?" "Yes," said he, smiling and favoring the conceit, "but the fight was with the head, not with the hands." "Butted, did they?" said the old lady.

THE living humor of madness. A well-known leader of the Liberal party has a mania for visiting madhouses and interviewing their inmates, and recently he has come across an incident almost unparalleled in its incomprehensibility. He went to a private lunatic asylum, which he had previously visited, and, seeing there a distinguished-looking man sitting moodily alone, went up and said to him: "How do you do? I think I have seen you before. May I ask your name?" "My name!" returned the man, fiercely. "I am Alexander the Great!" "Why," said the visitor, who suddenly remembered having already had a discussion with the man, "the last time I was here you were St. Paul." "Yes, of course," the man rejoined, quickly, "but that was by the first wife."

THE chief marshal of a Boston political demonstration concluded his general order as follows: "The chief marshal proposes to move himself at eight o'clock precisely, and hopes to be followed promptly by the entire procession.

"OH, mamma," exclaimed a little four-year-old, "we had such a splendid time down on the beach! We build sand houses, and the man that keeps the boats let out the tide while we were there, and we saw it go creeping, cre-e-ping off."

THEIR little girl gets confused. After being tenderly tucked up in her crib, mamma said, 'Now your prayers, Janet." The response came from the little one, half-asleep, "Now I lay me down to sleep, when the wind blows the cradle will rock. Amen."

A FARMER the other day, if the story be true, wrote to a New York merchant, asking how the farmer's son was getting along, and where he slept nights. The merchant replied: "He sleeps in the store in the day-time. I don't know where he sleeps at nights."

"FRANK," said an affectionate mother, the other day, to a promising boy, "if you don't stop reading and smoking so much you will get so after a while that you won't care anything about work." "Mother," replied the hopeful, leisurely removing a very long cigar, "I have got so now."

A CIGAR contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric and propionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, carbolic acid, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, viridine, picoline, and rubideme, to say nothing of cabbagine and burdockic acid. That's why you can't get a good one for five cents.

A CHURCH usher remarks that he can tell an engaged from a married couple. When he sees two young persons seated in the center of a pew, he makes up his mind they are engaged, but when one is at the head and the other at the foot of the pew, he immediately determines that they are married.

"WOULD yez plaze answer wan question?" "Yes; what is it?" "Sure Maria and me was discussing over what was them things in the picture over the mantel." "Why, Bridget, those are Raphael's angels." "Och! then, the both of us wuz wrong; I said they wuz twins, and Maria said they wuz bats."

One summer day, a house in Putnam, Conn., in which there was a sick negro, was struck by lightning, and some of the neighbors going in to see what had become of him, he peered out from under the bedclothes, covered with splinters of wood and broken pieces of plaster, and coolly asked: "Am dar goin' to be anuder shower, honey?"

A MERCHANT having sustained a considerable loss, desired his son not to mention it to anybody. The youth promised silence, but at the same time requested to know what advantage could attend it. "If you divulge the loss," said the father, "we shall have two evils to support instead of one—our grief, and the joy of our neighbors."

A GENTLEMAN in Virginia City, Nevada, whose Chinese cook left him, was unable to retain any of the numerous "Johns" for over a day until he induced one of them to explain that some apparently meaningless strips of red paper on the kitchen wall contained the Chinese inscription: "Boss woman, long time tongue. Muchee jaw, jaw."

MISS Martineau's "Society in America" contains many good stories. Among them are the following: "A lecturer, discoursing on the characteristics of women, is said to have expressed himself thus: 'Who were last at the cross? Ladies. Who were first at the sepulchre? Ladies.'" "An epitaph on a negro baby at Savannah begins, 'Sweet, blighted lily!'"

SHE put her arms affectionately around his neck. "I am so glad I can have my summer bonnet made over for winter. It will only need a new lining, and new strings, and new flowers, and a few feathers, and some silk and other things for trimmings. The frame is perfectly good, and will just have to be pressed into a new shape. I am so glad I won't have to go to any expense. I was afraid I would have to get a new bonnet."

Comfort for Uneasy Stomachs.

That incomparable anti-dyspeptic cordial, carminative and appetizer, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, yields comfort to the uneasy stomach with a degree of promptitude most gratifying to the victim of indigestion. The eradication of dyspepsia by the Bitters is, of course, accompanied by the disappearance of every one of its multifarious and puzzling symptoms, among which may be mentioned as the most prominent, heartburn, flatulence, abdominal oppression after eating, and sinking at other times, palpitations of the heart, water brash, vertigo, sick headache and nausea. Hostetter's Bitters tone and regulate the various organs which assist in the processes of assimilation, secretion and evacuation, fortify the system against malarious fevers, and develop in the enfeebled system fresh stores of vitality. In efficacy, as in popularity, they surpass any tonic or regulating medicine of the age.

ELEGANT HAIR is a woman's crowning beauty. When it fades, she fades as well. While it is kept bright, her personal attractions are still maintained. By preserving the hair fresh and vigorous, a youthful appearance is continued through many years. Those who grieve over their fading hair turning gray too early should know that Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents it, and restores gray or faded hair to its natural color. It is a clear and healthful preparation, containing neither oil, dye, nor anything deleterious, and imparts to the scalp what is most needed—a sense of pleasant and delightful freedom from scurf or dandruff.—*New Berne (N. C.) Times.*

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In all Billous Disorders these Pills may be used with confidence, as they promote the discharge of vitiated bile, and remove those obstructions from the liver and biliary ducts which are the cause of bilious affectations in general.

These Pills expel Ascarides, or Seat-worms, which are so troublesome to many persons, producing Piles, Fistula, Dysentary and other painful disorders.

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Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Various causes—advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light and red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp giving it a healthy action, and removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy, weak, or sickly hair, to which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its operation, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts. It contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous.

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BANKRUPT SALE OF MILTON GOLD JEWELRY.

We will send you on receipt of Fifty Cents, one pair elegant engraved Sleeve Buttons, one set Spiral Studs, one Collar Button, one beautiful Coral Scarf Pin, one Gent's Watch Chain, and one heavy Wedding Ring. Above lot used to retail for $5.30. Four lots will be sent, post paid, on receipt of $1.50 and 12 lots for $4. Address W. W. BELL & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE FASHIONS.

It is time we paid special attention to the small *belles*; accordingly, we shall in this issue give some of the newest costumes for their adornment.

Brown of a deep Havana tint, in other words the shade of the best cigars, is the foundation color for Misses of all ages; from dear little toddler in her second year, to stylish "Kate" of fifteen who begins to "put by" her braids grown up fashion, and to dream of delightful balls, etc., not far distant. In sashes, cardinal color and dark blue or else myrtle green share favor with the more sober brown. Neckties, bows, etc., are to match.

For very little girls, the caps of lace and insertion are still worn, but not made in the womanly shape. The close, old fashioned cottage shape is preferred. A small ruching of lace surrounding the face, and bows of brown or cardinal, or dark blue, dotting the surface, and finishing "cutely" the back.

Paletots of brown cloth are shown for these dear little ones. Sometimes closing in front, sometimes in the back. The front is cut *a la Gabrielle*, and the side and back widths are pleated, or kilted in very low down on the hips; and joined on to the body part, which is half-tight fitting. A wide sash of brown silk or ribbon is inserted in the side widths low down, and loosely tied loops or a knot, and two hanging loops across the middle of the back. The sleeves are half-loose and have deep cuffs of brown silk. A collar of similar material finishes the throat. Sometimes instead of the lace cap, cunning little bonnets of brown silk or velvet, with lace quilling surrounding the face, dotted with the tiniest of pale blue bows are shown, that is if *la petite de blonde*; if a brunette, cardinal color is substituted for the pale blue.

For house wear or street wear white is preferred to colors for these little ones.

To ensure a sufficiency of warmth, the fleece lined pique is used. It is brought out in very pretty designed dresses.

The *Gabrielle* style is again preferred, and scant flounces of pride Hamburg work form the trimming, unless the more costly English embroidery is desired; this last comes in open work patterns of leaves and vines, and is of a wonderful durability.

Cardinal colored and dark blue or green stockings are shown for children. Little furtipped boots to match the muff and boa are worn by these small women. They are dainty enough for Titan herself, if it is ever cold enough in Oberon's realm for her to need such articles.

For large fairies of ten to fourteen, or eight to twelve, dark green cashmere or *damasse* shares favor with brown.

A dress of *damasse* and cashmere combined, of the rich myrtle green, now so fashionable, is shown, with the underskirt trimmed with two flounces—one of the cashmere, which also forms the foundation of that skirt, and one of the *damasse*. The cashmere flounce is knife-pleated on, and the *damasse* is box-pleated. The overdress is a polonaise, and is simply machine-stitched around the hem. A triple row of small buttons finishes the back and also serves to fasten it. These rows extend down about twelve inches below the waist line. The drapery is not full, but rather in flat folds, the looping being confined to the back, and two side widths nearest the back. This overdress or polonaise is of the *damasse*. A pleated pocket of cashmere is placed not very low down on the right side, and has loops of dark green ribbon at the top and bottom of it. A sash drapery of a width of dark green silk, two and a half yards long, may be added to the back widths, if a more dressy effect is desired. A hat of black or bottle-green felt, trimmed with cock's plumes and a fold of velvet, a loosely folded scarf of green silk, will be found appropriate to wear with this costume. Muff of cock's feathers and band for the neck of same; or else seal-skin muff and neck band. In case the latter is used a seal-skin *toque* or turban hat will be appropriate.

A VERY NEAT SCHOOL SUIT

is shown in brown plaid goods, mingled with plain brown. The underskirt has pocket and side revers of plain brown, while it is made of plaid. Sleeveless cuirass basque of plaid, corded at the edges, sleeves of plain brown, with plaid cuffs. Hat of brown felt with two tips of ostrich feathers, and a bright shaded wing.

Long *paletots* of water-proof cloth, are shown, some in plain goods, and some of camese plaids. These are generally made long and loose, with deep pockets and buttoned up the front. An extra fullness is set in the middle back width, just below the waist band, by means of pleats folded under, two on a side. A pointed band or half belt is set on ulster fashion across the back, and a deep English collar and tiny breast-pocket for handkerchief on the left side.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Cock's plumes, dotted with tiny straw ovals or round pieces, are among the novelties.

Wide belts of black or narrow Russia leather, with elaborate silver buckles, are fashionable.

A new embroidery for silk or velvet is done in beads which resemble both jet and steel, and produce a very brilliant effect.

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Colladay for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

In continuation of our last week's suggestion, concerning the making up of Christmas souvenirs, we suggest for this week a Shoe and Slipper Case, to hang beside the bed. Materials required are two sheets of stiff pasteboard, a yard of dark green rep or merino, and one of similarly tinted glazed calico. Some bunches of gold-colored silk braid and pale green. Three tassels of green silk and wool mixed. For the back piece cut a shield of pasteboard fourteen inches long from top point to the bottom, and twelve inches or perhaps thirteen, across the widest part. Cut a shorter shield for the front piece. Let the bottom of it match exactly in size and shape the bottom of the back shield, but it must be cut differently. As the top is cut in two circles to admit of two pairs of shoes or slippers being put in. Cover the back of your large shield with the glazed cambric, and the front with the cashmere. First braid a neat pattern upon the latter in the green and gold colored braids, any stamper will suggest an approximate design for it, or she can send one. Braid also the cashmere designed for the longer shield or front pocket. Line this latter with the glazed cambric. Bind the large shield with green and worsted braid, edging the same with two rows of the green and gold braid. Do the same to the front piece or shield and sew a piece of green cashmere, lined with the cambric, to strengthen it, and about four inches or five in width, around the sides and bottom, plaiting it on in small pleats turning one way. Let the pleats of the top turn in the opposite direction and join it to the bottom and lower sides of the back shield. Finish the case with a stout loop of silk or worsted cord fastened to the middle point of the 'top' of the back shield, wherewith to hang it by, and a tassel on each side, where the front shield commences to join the back. If you like, the monogram of the person for whom it is designed may be braided or worked in green and gold on the centre of the lower shield. Pattern and full directions for putting together furnished on receipt of 50 cents. Braiding patterns or monograms, from 25 cents up to $1.00.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MINNIE L.—Cut your front breadth Gabrielle and trim with diagonal folds and fringe. This will take off the streaks of grease down the side. You are careful in cutting.

ANNETTE.—Yes, we can get it for $1 00 post paid.

NINON.

DEEP SEA SOUNDINGS.

Mariner, what of the deep?
This of the deep—
Twilight is there, and solemn changeless calm;
Beauty is there, and tender, healing balm—
Balm with no root in earth, or air, or sea,
Poised by the finger of God, it floateth free,
And, as it treadeth the waves, the sound doth rise,
Hither shall come no further sacrifice;
Never again the anguish clutch at life,
Never again great Love and Death at strife.
He who hath suffered all need fear no more,
Quiet his portion now for evermore.

Mariner, what of the deep?
This of the deep—
Solitude dwells not there, though silence reign;
Mighty the brotherhood of loss and pain;
There is communion past the need of speech,
There is a love no words of love can reach;
Heavy the waves that superincumbent press,
But as we labor here with constant stress,
Hand doth hold out to hand not help alone,
But the deep bliss of being fully known.
There is no kindred like the kin of sorrow.
There is no hope like theirs who fear no morrow.

Mariner, what of the deep?
This of the deep—
Though we have traveled past the line of day,
Glory of night doth light us on the way;
Radiance that comes we know not how or whence.
Rainbows without the rain, past duller sense,
Music of hidden reef and waves long past,
Thunderous organ-tones from far-off blast,
Harmony victrix clothed in state sublime,
Crouched on the wrecks begemmed with pearls of time;
Never a wreck but brings some beauty here,
Down where the waves are stilled, the sea shines clear;
Deeper than life, the plan of life doth lie.
He who knows all fears naught. Great death shall die.

AMUSEMENTS AT SEA.

Thrown on their own resources, and finding themselves the denizens of a little world of wood and iron, tossing on a measureless waste of briny waters, the passengers on board a ship seldom fail to club their wits for the common good. Of course, when social pastimes are in question, a great deal depends upon the weather and the latitude, as also the size and style of the vessel. But one condition is essential, and that is a long voyage. The swift-steaming New York packets are in too violent a hurry to pass Cape Race or enter the Mersey, for more than a cursory intercourse between the human units who jostle one another at meals in the grand saloon. The most agreeable of the floating hotels that ever put to sea were certainly the old-fashioned first-class Indiamen, the original teak-built "tea-wagons" that in leisurely fashion conveyed our fathers and grandfathers to and from Calcutta and Bombay. Well provided and well officered, with an excellent table and ample elbow-room, these fine slow ships gave those on board valuable consideration for their passage-money. Nothing could be more pleasant than the dances, the music, the amateur theatricals that went on beneath the broad bright light of the tropic moon, while in the cabins below quieter spirits found solace in endless games of whist, chess, or backgammon.

The passengers on board an Indiaman had every inducement to see the best side of those with whom they were thrown into contact, since all were committed to a voyage which might last for five months, and the monotony of which was only relieved by a call at St. Helena and a brief scamper at the Cape. The same in a less degree may be said of the temporary residents on board those huge clippers that plough the vast mileage of ocean between our shores and those of Australia. Once well away from head-winds and chopping seas, to lounge beneath the deck-awning of one of these well-ordered packets, listening to the strains of a capital band, or to waltz on planks as steady as those of a ball-room, is to reduce the privations of sea-travel to a minimum.

Perhaps the most distinctly maritime amusements are to be looked for on board vessels of a moderate tonnage, bound on a voyage of sufficient length to make the unemployed hours hang heavily on a passenger's hands. Then is the time when fire-arms are at a premium, and murderous volleys are discharged, now at the pretty Cape pigeons that flutter, ignorant of the wanton hostility of mankind, about the rigging; now at some albatross, soaring on tireless wing; or perhaps a long shot at the penguins, that sit motionless on the weed-draped reef of rocks that borders some uninhabited island.

A less cruel test for the accuracy of the marksman's aim was often afforded, especially in vessels of the royal navy, before the use of rifled fire-arms grew habitual, by the simple expedient of shooting at an empty bottle dangling from the yard-arm. It was astonishing, in the days of smooth-bores and spherical bullets, to note the profusion of misses in proportion to the paucity of hits; and it was creditable to the marines in particular, that with so indifferent a weapon as brown-bess they should have made as good practice as they piqued themselves on doing.

But shooting, which implies the presence of something to be shot at, is obviously a pastime less well adapted to nautical sportsmen than is the gentle piscatorial art. Theoretically, the ocean may be compared to a titantic fish-pond, a huge watery wheel of fortune, whence might be drawn prizes of any dimensions from the kraken to the sardine. In actual fact, the best sea-fishing is always near the mouths of those mighty rivers which, in Africa and America, daily sweep down tons of alluvial soil, rich in organic matter, to dye the green waves chocolate color. The enormous beds of weed, such as those of the Sargasso or so-called Sea of Grass, the dread of early Spanish navigators, are the haunts of innumerable fish, brilliant with every hue of the rainbow, and flashing like a shower of living opals amid the green tangles of the densely matted vegetation that supplies them with a home and a maintenance.

The spearing, or technically "striking," of dolphins, porpoises, and so forth, with a barbed trident or a small harpoon, is of course an amusement in which sailors only can take an active part; but all can participate in the strategy that is to lure to his ruin the common enemy, the greedy tenacious shark, that has perhaps followed in the ship's wake for several days, ever stealthily, on the watch for the accident that may put man or beast into his power. It is almost necessary to have been becalmed in the tropics to appreciate the sort of personal animosity which crew and passengers learn to feel towards the great fish that lies beneath the ship's counter, looking up with hungry eyes—his horrid shape discernable through the slight ripple caused by the waving of his lofty back-fin. There is little fear of his fighting shy of the bait. A shark will sometimes almost leap out of the water to seize the concealed hook that is descending to him; and one has been known to take the same hook twice, although his mouth and cheek were bleeding profusely from the first ineffectual seizure of the barb. The wide jaws close upon the tempting bit of pork, and then comes the hauling in of the line and the triumph over the trapped monster; no unresisting prey, however, for he fights fiercely even on deck, snapping and dealing dangerous blows with his broad tail, until disabled and despatched with axe and handspike.

Isaac Walton would have been amazed to see the rough-and-ready fashion in which his favorite pastime is practiced at sea; in the Gulf Stream, for instance, where the warm current of water harbors fish of brighter colors and greater delicacy of flavor than those of colder oceanic tracts. Here are no niceties of rod and line, and flies artfully tied to counterfeit genuine insects, or silvery minnows spinning to cajole the spotted trout. Anything that is long and strong does duty for a line; anything, from a morsel of salt junk or a paring of bacon to a shred of scarlet cloth or a scrap of shining metal, makes a bait. The great essential is that there should be a hook at the end of the cord, and that the latter should be tough enough to drag the struggling captive from his native element. But the line must be in cool, steady hands, and there must be no hurry or impatience in getting the prize out of the water; for sea-fish are terribly strong and active, and do their very best to resist their intended transfer from the water to the planks of the poop. Loud are the exclamations of admiring wonder, as rays and bonitos, flying-fish and parrot-fish, king-fish and Jew-fish, begin to be piled in successive heaps, littering the deck with their blue and green and silver and amber and vermillion; and vociferous the applause as a mighty sun-fish, the central trophy of all, is hauled flapping over the taffrail.

A few hints on fishing from a ship at sea may be welcome to some of our readers. The best sport is trolling astern for albicore in the Pacific, and its near relation to the bonito in the Atlantic. Both these fishes destroy millions of the unfortunate little flying-fish; and in nine cases out of ten, its long fluttering leaps through the air are not made in sportive pastime, but are desperate struggles to get away from the wide open jaws of one of its larger brethren of the deep. To lure the albicore from its watery haunts, all that is needed is to make a bait which shall roughly resemble a flying-fish; and the resemblance may be a *very rough* one, for, as we have said, sea-fish are not particular. For many kinds of large fish a teaspoon makes a very good bait. It is fitted for the purpose by cutting off the handle, and boring two holes in the bowl, one at each end. To each hole a few inches of gut, served with wire are fastened, and one of those lengths of gut, is attached by a swivel to the fishing-line, while one or two hooks are mounted on the other. Towed after a ship or boat, this bait looks like a small fish swimming near the surface, for the spoon keeps twirling, the swivel preventing the line from twisting with it, and a fish soon makes a dash at the bright glancing metal. In fishing for albicore, remember that very little will be done in a calm, when the fish generally keep away from the ship; and the same may be said of any attempt at fishing when the ship is going at high rate of speed. A moderate speed is best for sport of all kinds. To make a good bait, take a piece of hard wood—teak, oak, or ash—four or five inches long; cut it roughly into a shape of a rather slender fish without the tail; make a notch at both ends, and connect these by two longitudinal grooves cut on opposite sides; then lay a piece of strong wire in the grooves; making a loop in the notch at each end. Get some bristles out of a brush, and fix a bunch of them, about three inches long, in a hole on either side an inch from the head. These will represent the wings; a few more shorter ones may be fastened on at the other end, so as to look something like the tail; but the bait will do just as well without it. Then the whole must be sheathed with a narrow strip of thin sheet tin or bright sheet-lead wound spirally round it from head to tail. Then mount two hooks back to back on a piece of strong gut five inches long, and to prevent the gut being cut by the fish's teeth, twist round it fine brass or copper wire. (Gut served in this way with wire can be bought of ship-store dealers in seaport towns.) The gut thus armed and protected is attached to the wire loop at the tail end of your flying-fish. A shorter piece of gut similarly made up, and bearing two more hooks, is fastened to the head-loop. Then attach a couple of feet of deep-sea fishing-line to the head loop, taking care that this too is served with wire along the greater part of its length; and then by a swivel, attach it to your fishing-line. Drop it over the stern, paying out a sufficient length of line to keep it well in command and make it bound occasionally from wave to wave after the ship, and you will not have long to wait for a bite and a hard tug. Then haul in quietly and steadily, and try again with the same bait. It is very easy to make it; but sailors often fish successfully with a much rougher apparatus. They take a hard piece of wood about five or six inches long, and broader at one end than the other. The fishing-line is secured to the narrow end, and a piece of white rag is tied round it, hanging loose to represent the wings. A nail is then driven through the broad end, its sharp projecting point forming the hook; and the rude but deadly bait is completed by twisting strong twine round both nail and wood to prevent shifting or splitting.

For those who have some knowledge of marine zoology, and above all for those who know how to work with the microscope, there is much solid pleasure in store if they can improvise a towing-net and send it out astern when the ship is sailing before a light wind in the tropics. Readers of the accounts of the *Challenger* expedition will remember that two methods are employed for collecting the smaller inhabitants of the deep. There is the deep-sea dredge, which goes down to the bottom and searches the depths; but this is a formidable affair to manage, and complex tackle and a steam-winch must be used to bring it up. But while the dredge is at work far below, the light towing-net is skimming the surface; and for those who know how to examine a crowd of waifs and strays gathered from the sea, it would be well to make a trial of a small improvised towing-net. A bag of any stout gauzy stuff, with a small hoop to keep its mouth open, will do very well. The stuff of which butter-cloths are made is often used for the purpose in working with a boat; and probably it would do at sea if it were strengthened by a light net being sewn on outside of it. The towing-line is attached by three short lengths of strong cord, which diverge from it to three equidistant points on the hoop at the mouth of the net. Night is perhaps the best time for towing, for it is then that the phosphorescence shows the surface to be teeming with minute life. The net is best used when the ship is at a low rate of speed. The prizes captured can be bottled in spirits; or if mounting apparatus is at hand, many welcome additions may be made to the cabinet of slides for the microscope.

Deck-quoits, deck-bowls, and in later times, deck-croquet, have been introduced at sea on various occasions; while draughts, backgammon, and other games of the same class, have whiled away many a weary hour below. On board some ships a bout of fencing or single-stick among the crew or petty officers is often watched with an interest keen in proportion to the rarity of external events; and in some vessels where Lascars are employed, very fair juggling, shawl-dances, and sword-dances may sometimes be witnessed. The fun of the oddly-named sport known as "cock-fighting" depends wholly on the grotesque helplessness of the two human combatants, who, deftly pinioned with sticks and handkerchiefs, and seated on the deck like Turks or tailors, try to overthrow one another, while each does his best to preserve his unsteady balance. Bathing, with a sail spread to prevent drowning or danger from sharks, boat-races, and learning to go up the rigging, are diversions now less in vogue than they used to be.

Pet animals, from the monkey to the mongoose, and from the tame lamb to the armadillo, never get so much petting on shore as on the waste of waters. The very roughest of the seamen appear to have a soft touch and a cheery word for these dumb comrades of the voyage. A ship will sometimes have a small crew of monkeys or parrots on board; and indeed sailors will make pets of anything and everything. A naval surgeon once related to us how he had seen a sailor on board a gunboat in the tropics make a pet of a huge cockroach. Jack has not always leisure for amusements properly so called, but there are times when the ship bowls along under steady canvas before the friendly monsoon or trade-winds, and when a considerate captain knows that he can allow the bulk of his crew to enjoy the halcyon interval of repose as best they may. There is often a black cook or some negro sailor who can play the fiddle, and has a turn for buffo-acting and comic vocalism, and who is on such occasions the life and soul of the forecastle, for sailors are as easy to amuse as so many school-boys.

One objectionable maritime recreation is happily a thing of the past, at least in well-manned vessels. The saturnalia that formerly took place on crossing the Line may have originally had some humor in them, but the fiction that the ship had been boarded by Neptune and Amphitrite, who came to greet novices who had never yet been on the southern side of the equator, soon degenerated into a mere pretext for extortion from those who could afford to pay, and ruffianly ill-usage of those who could not. It is evident that the rough practical jokes, the lathering, the tarring, the ducking and drenching, which were thought fair on these occasions, might readily be turned into an excuse for brutal treatment of an unpopular victim; and the black-mail levied on the more well-to-do voyagers had a demoralizing effect on the crew. A better device was that which the commanders of ships of exploration, on their arctic and antarctic cruises, have sometimes sanctioned, namely, the publishing on board of a weekly newspaper, to the contents of which the word "news" was not indeed strictly applicable, but which detailed and commented upon the petty events occurring in that secluded community, and which gave to officers and men an opportunity of seeing their lucubrations promoted to the dignity of print.

When ships are roomy, much enjoyment is frequently afforded by the acting of charades and light comedies; and where there is a decent amount of histrionic talent in passengers or crew, this kind of entertainment is invariably a success. When the captain is fortunate enough to rank ladies—especially young ones—amongst the messengers, and a piano is on board, then the voyage is robbed of much of its usual tedium, and a committee of entertainment, if judiciously appointed, will vary the monotony of the way by occasional concerts and balls; finishing off with a benefit of Jack in the forecastle.

THE CHARMERS OF HINDOOSTAN.

Many of these Hindoo jugglers who live in the silence of the pagodas perform feats far surpassing the prestidigiations of Robert Houdin, and there are many others who produce the most curious phenomena in magnetism and catalepsy upon the first objects that come across their way, that I have often wondered whether the brahmins with their occult sciences have not made great discoveries in the questions which have recently been agitated in Europe.

On one occasion while I and others were in a cafe with Sir Maswell, he ordered his dobochy to introduce the charmer. In a few moments a lean Hindoo, almost naked, with an ascetic face and bronzed color entered. Around his neck, arms, thighs, and body were coiled serpents of different sizes. After saluting us, he said, "God be with you, I am Chibh-Chondor, son of Chibh-Gontnalh-Mava."

"We desire to see what you can do," said our host.

"I obey the orders of Siva, who has sent me here," replied the fakir, squatting down upon one of the marble slabs.

The serpents raised their heads and hissed, but without showing any anger. Then taking a small pipe, attached to a wick in his hair, he produced scarcely audible sounds imitating the *tailapaca*, a bird that feeds upon bruised cocoa-nuts. Here the serpents uncoiled themselves, and one after another glided to the floor. As soon as they touched the ground they raised about one-third of their bodies and began to keep time with their master's music. Suddenly the fakir dropped his instrument and made several passes with his hands over the serpents, of whom there were about ten, all of the most deadly cobra species of India. His eye assumed a strange expression. We all felt an undefinable uneasiness, and sought to turn away our gaze from him. At this moment a small shocra, whose business was to hand fire in a small brazier for lighting cigars, yielded to his influence, lay down, and fell asleep. Five minutes passed thus, and we felt that if the manipulations were to continue a few seconds more we should all fall asleep. Chondo then rose, and making two more passes over the shocra, said to it: "Give the commander some fire." The young serpent rose and without tottering, came and offered fire to its master. It was pinched, pulled about, till there was no doubt of its being actually asleep. Nor would it move from Sir Maswell's side till ordered to do so by the fakir.

We then examined the other cobras. Paralyzed by magnetic influence, they lay at full length on the ground. On taking them up we found them stiff as sticks. They were in a state of complete catalepsy. The fakir then awakened them, and they then returned and again coiled themselves round his body. On asking us if he could make us feel his influence, he made a few passes over our legs, and instantly we lost the use of these limbs; we could not leave our seats. He then released us as easily as he had paralyzed us.

Chibh-Chondor closed his seance by experimenting upon inanimate objects. By mere passes with his hands in the direction of the object to be acted upon, and without leaving his seat, he paled and extinguished lights in the furthest parts of the room, moved the furniture, including the divans upon which we sat, opened and closed doors. Catching sight of a Hindoo who was drawing water from a well in the garden, he made a pass in his direction, and the rope suddenly stopped in its descent, resisting all the efforts of the astonished gardner. With another pass the rope again descended.

I asked Chibh-Chondor. "Do you employ the same means in acting upon inanimate objects that you do upon living creatures?"

He replied, "I have only one means."

"What is it?"

"The will. Man, who is the result of all intellectual and material forces, must dominate over all. The brahmins know nothing besides this."

THE COMING "NEW WORLD."

Lieutenant Cameron, of the British navy, who recently returned from a two years' exploration of Central Africa, reports the discovery of something more valuable than big monkeys and little "niggers." He found the portion of Africa west of Lake Tanganyika to be one of the richest countries in the world, and more salubrious than India. Ivory is there found in greater abundance than anywhere else. At Nyangwe, the Arabs trading among themselves give thirty-five pounds of ivory for seven and a-half pounds of beads or five and a-half pounds of cowries, and very often they are able to buy a tusk irrespective of size, which may weigh from 100 to 150 pounds, by a present of a copper bracelet, or any worn-out, useless thing which may take the fancy of the natives. Lieutenant Cameron says he has walked along for fifty or sixty yards under a grove of nutmeg trees, and no one knew what they were worth. Besides that, there are many other vegetable products in abundance, many different species of cotton, and oil-producing palms. Up the valley of the Congo, to the height of 2,600 feet above the level of the sea, the country was crowded with oil-palm, and hereafter that trade alone, leaving the question of ivory altogether on one side, would be sufficient to repay any enterprising merchants who embark in it. Gold is also found, and Mr. Cameron saw an Arab who showed him a calabash full of nuggets, which were all procured in one evening in clearing out an old water course. Iron, copper, silver and tin are abundant. All this, the Lieutenant thinks, may easily be reached by the great Congo and Zambesi rivers and their tributaries, two of the most magnificent systems of water communication in the world. A little canaling seems to be all that is needed to form a water communication between the east and west coasts of Africa, and so make all her rich resources available for trade.

THE GOOD WIFE.—She commanded her husband in any equal matter by constantly obeying him. She never crosseth her husband in the springtide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it.

SCIENTIFIC.

FROM *Nature* we learn that the results of recent investigations in the French Academy "seem to prove that water in which animals and plants of higher organization will thrive is fit to drink; and on the other hand, water in which only the infusoria and lower cryptograms will grow is unhealthy."

ON a high bluff near the Iowa are some wonderful Indian mounds, with the remains of circular floors made of baked clay and the trunks of trees covered with earth. Underneath the earth are human bones, copper axes with handles of polished horn, and petrified wood, stone hammers, flint knives, and images of animals accurately carved and polished, made of hard reddish stone.

A VALUABLE deposit of verde antique marble has just been discovered on the farm of Peter Hiener, in Longswamp township, within half a mile of Topton, on the East Penn Railroad. The marble is susceptible of a high polish, and is found associated with other minerals, such as dark green and variegated serpentine feldspar, red oxide of iron, hematite iron ore, out-croppings of black oxide of iron, and a large deposit of fine fire sand. The discovery is regarded as a very important one.

DR. FRANK COWAN, of Greene county, is engaged in examining into the details of an interesting geological discovery recently made by him in Southwestern Pennsylvania. On a sandstone two hundred and fifty feet below the Pittsburg coal seam stratum he has found the footprints of six new species of air-breathing animals. The doctor has secured plaster casts of the impressions that the delineations in his report to the State Geologist may be as perfect as possible. As many as thirty-nine consecutive pairs of one kind of tracks have been found on one stone. The largest of the animals is supposed to have been about the size of an otter and of the nature of an alligator.

THE rotary engine invention brought forward by M. Chaureau, of Paris, is an ingenious device, a cylinder being arranged with a piston which may be actuated by steam, compressed air, or gas, so as to move around an axis passing through a centre. If a point of the piston-rod is forced to move in the space of a fixed circle, having for its centre a given point, so that the distance is equal to one-half of the stroke of the piston, it will be readily understood that the alternate motion of the piston in the cylinder will produce a continuous rotary motion of the said cylinder round the axis. Different arrangements of mechanical parts may be employed to carry out the principle here involved, and the construction of rotary engines of this character may be varied to a great extent, and yet in accordance with the same idea.

SOME time ago the London Society of Arts, always foremost to recognize merit and reward the discovery of novelties likely to prove useful to the human race, conferred upon Mr. Rolt their medal of honor for obtaining a thread of silk of the estimated length of some 18,000 feet from twenty-four of the *araneus diadema*, or ordinary garden spiders. In the course of the investigations which followed this remarkable achievement, the thread was found to be six and three-tenths times finer than that produced by the silkworm, and, as the average number of the latter required to yield a pound of silk is found to be between three and four thousand, it is calculated that no less than some twenty-five thousand spiders would be required to spin a similar quantity. Unfortunately, however, except in the use of spider filaments for astronomical purposes, no further encouragement seems to have been given to a species of industry which apparently contained within itself the elements of success. This was owing to the fact that when collected together the insects could not be prevented from fighting and killing each other.

PROF. Balfour Stewart expresses the opinion that if astronomers have learned to be independent of total eclipses, as far as the lower portions of the solar atmosphere are concerned, it must be confessed that as yet the upper portions—the outworks of the sun—can only be successfully approached and investigated on these rare occasions. Regarding the solar corona, Prof. Stewart remarks that we are in possession of definite information—that is, we are now absolutely certain, he thinks, that a large part of this appendage unmistakably belongs to our luminary, and in the next place, it is certain that it consists, in part at least, of an ignited gas, giving a peculiar spectrum, which as yet it has been impossible to identify with that of any known element, though the temptation is great to associate this spectrum with the presence of something lighter than hydrogen, of the nature of which so little is understood. Several new metals have also been added to the list of those previously detected in the solar atmosphere, among the most important of these being the vapors of hydrogen, potassium, sodium, rubidium, barium, strontium, calcium, magnesium, aluminium, iron, copper, zinc, lead, nickel, cobalt, cadmium, manganese, &c.

AN important discovery, hitherto not mentioned in public, of numerous well preserved bones of diluvian animals, is reported from Steeten, on the Lahn, in Germany. The cave in which they were found was accidentally laid open by the fall of a colossal block of dolomite, which had closed it water-tight. A dry, soft, dolomite sand, which filled the cave had preserved the organic remains most beautifully, without any incrustations. The bones were those of the cave-lion, larger than the present African lion, of the cave bear and of the cave hyena, the latter of much more powerful build than the living species. There were also remnants of the horse, the ox, the stag, the rhinoceros and the elephant, as well as of several smaller animals, which had been the prey of the lion, the bear, and the hyena. It seems that the elephant calves had by preference been attacked and devoured by those diluvian carnivora. So-called koprolithe, or petrified excrements, were numerously mixed with the medley of bones. It need scarcely be said that the several beasts of prey did not inhabit the cave together, but that similar species of them used it during successive periods. A good selection of the remnants found is contained in the Museum at Wiesbaden.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TROUBLE.—A woman cannot be prosecuted for taking money from her husband.

CIVIS.—The making of wedding presents should precede the solemn ceremony.

ROSE.—Your so-called lover is a mere dawdler. Dismiss him from your regard with womanly scorn.

G. WELLS.—The deepest ocean soundings we know of are 23,500 feet in the North Atlantic, and 27,000 feet in the North Pacific Ocean.

BESSIE.—There are many kinds of coral. Such as are seen here are the harder parts of living creatures found in the ocean in different parts of the world. Immense reefs are formed by the union of myriads of these minute creatures.

EDITH.—1. Timothy means a fearer of God. It comes from the Greek "Timo" and "Theos." 2. Susan means a lily, and is derived from the Hebrew; it is a shortened form of Susannah. Emma is from the German "Amme," meaning a nurse. 3. Irregular.

MAY M.—The bridal toilet depends so entirely upon the position and means of the bride's family, that it is quite impossible to answer the question of "what a bride looks best in" without knowing something of the above-mentioned particulars.

YOUNG LAWYER.—Judging by your own statement of the case, the young lady is not in the wrong, while you appear in a rather dictatorial, exacting, indiscreet, and selfish light. If you cannot manage a client's cause better than you have your own in this case, you will not be apt to succeed very well in the law.

J. K.—"If a soldier should desert from one regiment and join another would he be liable to the penalty of desertion?" Unquestionably he would. On any other principle no army could exist. Any soldier for any reason could leave his regiment and betake himself to another. That would be the end of order and discipline.

JEM.—The habit of using opium as a stimulant, like most pernicious habits of long standing, is difficult to overcome. Habit is truly a "second nature," and it is only by the most resolute determination you can conquer it. However, begin at once, employ good will and steadfast perseverance, and never break through your resolve when you have once made it.

KATE.—If we should judge from your letters, we would say you are a shrewd, sensible girl who would succeed in any respectable business you undertook. You have self-reliance, and as that is the sustainer of self-respect, you are well-armed to play your part in the battle of life. Stick to your millinery and study the fashions. A clever milliner and dressmaker can always summon custom.

MRS. A.—We do not think that love at first sight is so great an absurdity as you seem to imagine it to be. People generally make up their minds beforehand as to the sort of person they should like—grave or gay, dark or fair, with golden tresses or with raven locks; and when the individual possessing these characteristics appears, the bargain is soon made, and the feeling which is commonly called love at first sight springs into existence.

M. J.—The word Nemesis is pronounced *nem-e-sis*, with the accent on the first syllable. It means, retributive justice personified—divine vengeance—the punishment of crime pursuing the criminal like a fate, and hunting him inexorably and safely down. It is the mythological name of the goddess of retribution or vengeance, who was supposed to hunt down her victims personally; hence the modern use and prevailing sense of the word, as given above.

W.—It has been demonstrated that our whole planetary system, sun and all, moves round some centre not yet discovered, or likely to be so. It has been conjectured that that centre may be one of the fixed stars. What an awful idea of eternity we have in this suggestion of masses of worlds moving round each other in endless continuity! We just catch a glimpse of that which is "without beginning or end," and then stagger from it appalled at our atomic littleness.

AN UNHAPPY WIFE.—When a husband uses his wife and family badly—has deserted them, and then repented and come back penitently—his wife should either forgive him utterly and absolutely, or else have nothing to do with him. The course which you have adopted—namely, received your husband back and then kept up a constant moan of jealous dissatisfaction over the past is certain to prove destructive to your own and your family's happiness. You must make a clean thing—a perfect thing, of your forgiveness, or else not attempt anything.

SALLY.—To receive presents from a married man, of which his wife knows nothing, is decidedly objectionable. There are also little intercourses between you, which he presumes to take when his wife is not present, which ought to awaken you to a sense of the impropriety of his conduct. You had better, therefore, be on your guard, and keep your friend at a distance. This you owe to yourself, and we are surprised your self-respect has not of itself suggested such a line of action.

GEORGE H.—One of the vices of the age is a contempt for labor. The race for gentility is the race for the workhouse and the jail. People crowd their children into the professions, and when the latter have grown up, finding they cannot obtain a living by their own exertions, they live on their friends, or how they can—because they have neither the strength, the ability, nor the inclination to follow those more mechanical, and of course more drudging employments they from their earliest years were taught to despise. When these unfortunates have no friend to live upon they starve, or have resort to disreputable practices. Your fit will go off, but a little hard work would do you good.

HOUSEKEEPER.—A practical authority on house-painting states that paint applied to the exterior of buildings in autumn or winter will endure twice as long as when applied in early summer or in hot weather. In the former case it dries slowly and becomes hard like a glazed surface, not easily affected afterwards by the weather, or worn off by the beating of storms. But in very hot weather the oil in the paint soaks into the wood at once, as if it were a sponge, leaving the white lead nearly dry and ready to crumble off. This last difficulty, however, might in a measure be guarded against, though at an increased expense, by first going over the surface with raw oil. Furthermore, by painting in cold weather, the annoyance of small flies is escaped, the flies invariably collecting on fresh paint during the warm season.

YOUNG AUTHORESS.—It is funny that you should be kept from publishing your novel "*solely* from fear that the reviews would open their heavy fire on it." Perhaps they would never deign to notice it one way or the other. An authoress, (Madame d'Arblay) who wrote in your grandmother's, and perhaps in your great grandmother's time, used to say that novels were one of the kinds of composition which could defy the reviews; "because," as she said, "they (novels) will be sought and judged by the multitude, and not by the fastidious few. With the latter, indeed, they may be aided or injured by criticism, *but it will not stop their being read*, though it may prejudice their readers." Take courage from this, and defy the critics, inasmuch as you say you have plenty of money, and only want a fair chance for your book in case it should be published.

J. J.—The adoption, or, as you call it, the "distribution" of surnames, was not a matter of system, or even of design. It was a matter of growth and development. When the Johns of a neighborhood became too numerous for ready reference, one would be called John the Smith, another John the Shoemaker, another John the Tailor, and so on, according to each one's occupation. After a while the *the* would be dropped, and it would be John Smith, John Shoemaker, &c., and the same course would be taken with the Jameses, the Josephs, and all the rest. The sons of these would at first be called John's son, Smith's son, James' son, William's son, &c.; and these appelations would soon wear down into Johnson, Smithson, Jameson and Williamson. And so on, by this means and that, and for one reason and another, the surnames of mankind, after having in some cases undergone all manner of changes, have come about as they now are.

L. BASSETT.—The following is said to be a remedy for damp walls:—Three quarters of a pound of mottled soap to 1 gallon of water. This composition to be laid over the brick-work steadily and carefully with a large flat brush, so as not to form a froth or lather on the surface. The wash to remain twenty-four hours to become dry. Mix ½ lb. of alum with 4 gallons of water; leave it to stand for twenty-four hours, and then apply it in the same manner over the coating of soap. Let this be done in dry weather. In the case of stone walls the following ingredients, melted and mixed together, and applied hot to the surface of stone, will prevent all damp from entering and vegetable substance from growing upon it—1½ lb. resin, 1 lb. Russian tallow, 1 quart linseed oil. This simple remedy has been proved upon a piece of very porous stone made into the form of a basin; two coats of this liquid, on being applied, caused it to hold water as well as any earthenware vessel.